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The Christian Century

Volume XX

CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER 10, 1903

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EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS

This day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
—Shakespeare.

THE MESSAGE OF THE INCARNATION.

THERE are four facts concerning Jesus which are distinctive of the Christian religion. These are the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and the Ascension. They make the person of Jesus the central object of faith. "Christianity is faith in a certain person Jesus Christ, and by faith in Him is meant such unreserved self-committal as is only possible, because faith in Jesus is understood to be faith in God, and union with Jesus union with God." As Canon Gore says: (1) "Christianity has meant historically, faith in the person of Jesus Christ, considered as very God incarnate, so much so that if this faith were gone, Christianity in its characteristic features would be gone also; (2) that thus considered, Christianity is differentiated from other religions by the attitude of its members towards its Founder; (3) that this attitude of Christianity towards its Founder is explained and justified by the witness of the earliest records to his personality and claim."

When Jesus was born the four outstanding facts which characterized the old world were the supremacy of Rome, the philosophy of Greece, the despair of paganism and the Messianic hope of the Jews. As summed up by Pere Didon, Rome ruled the world. After conquering the world from the walls of Caledonia to the confines of China the beast of the Prophet Daniel lay down to rest. The world slept under the wings of the Roman eagle, political peace was universal when the Prince of Peace was born. The unity which Rome realized became the material basis for the unity of the Kingdom of God. Military roads would henceforward become the ways of the apostles, those swordless conquerors to whom Jesus said, "Go teach all nations."

While there was political unity there was religious anarchy and pagan despair. Instead of lifting the soul towards God, paganism brought it under the yoke of nature. Men degraded their bodies and darkened their intellects; women sacrificed their chastity and murdered their children. Poets sung the vices of the gods and the people led astray by the priests and lashed by brutal instincts rushed madly down to despair and death. An arbitrary science of the history of religion would make paganism a stage in the evolution of religion from fetishism to monotheism. But fetishism is only a phase of paganism. Paganism was not a normal stage of humanity but a malady. All nations attacked by it perish. The world into which Jesus was born was sick unto death through pagan superstition. Nothing human could break the chains which kept humanity captive and degraded, "a people walking in darkness." Jesus and Jesus only saved the people from their sins. Pagan poetry, pagan philosophy, pagan politics, nor pagan priests could stay the progress of faith in the personal Jesus, who was God manifest in the flesh. . . . The third fact of the old world into which Jesus came was the supremacy of Greek philosophy. Greece gave to reason its typical forms which have never been surpassed. It is possible to equal the philosophy and art of Greece but not surpass them. In their

realm Pythagoras and Plato are as perfect as Praxiteles and Phidias. The Greek intellect, however, only escaped from pantheism to end in the dualism of mind and eternal matter. It could never offer conscience a positive and personal sanction. Faith alone could teach such essential truths as the creation of matter, eternal life and pure theism. Jesus alone could inspire this faith. Greece had the glory of creating philosophy and Rome of organizing it into practical ethics. It flowered out in Stoicism, but the saint of this sect, Cato, committed suicide. Jesus came to give men, not a system of philosophy, but life. . . . The fourth great fact was the Messianic hope. Salvation is of the Jews. The religion of Israel has exerted a greater influence upon modern civilization than the laws of Rome and the philosophy of Greece combined. The prophets of Israel were the proclaimers of true progress. The darker grew the horizon the brighter grew the Messianic hope. The Jewish nation existed only a few centuries from Saul to the exile, but Hebraism has existed for four thousand years and has a greater influence upon the world's life than ever before. God raised Israel up to be a herald of the Prince of Peace and a harbinger of Messianic hope. The Jew is still a witness to the divinity of Christianity. How strange that when the Messiah did come the Jew was the greatest obstacle to his Messianic work. Surrounded by nations which deified their kings, Abraham was only a father to the Jew and Moses only a law-giver. How could Jesus be more than Moses and Elijah? The author of Old Faiths in New Lights makes it plain that Jesus could not have been the product of the Judaism of his day any more than the product of Greek philosophy or of Roman law. In Him was life and the life was the light of men. Christ is not only the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth, as Paul puts it, but he is also the end of the old world culture and the beginning of Christian civilization. A new force entered our old world when Jesus was born. Jesus is the fulfillment of the history and hope of Israel but he is much more than this. If in him "the infolded substance of Israel is unfolded in full bloom," as Luthardt says, this happens not for Israel alone but for all the world—Greek culture and Roman law, Asia, Africa, the Americas—all need the incarnate God. "Jesus is the goal for which humanity and its history were destined." This, the loftiest view of history and humanity, is one part of the message of the Incarnation.

Since Schliermacher gave currency to the view that in Jesus both humanity and the individual man unfolds to fullest bloom this thought has thrown another part of the message of Incarnation into the background. This second part of the message is not only essential, but without it the first part is futile. In the language of a great German scholar: "In Him (Jesus) the world of creation has found in the way of its self-unfolding its end. But we need more than that. Since sin has entered into the world of creation, we have need not merely of a complete ideal of the world of creation, but, above all, of an atonement for our sin, of a mediator of redemption, of a revelation of the grace of God." It is not merely needful that we mount up to God; it is especially needful that God condescends to us. The message of the Incarnation is not merely the evolution of the human to the divine, but especially a love of the condescension of God to us. Through the prophecy of Israel run two lines. One makes a bridge from man up to God, the other from God down to man." The two lines meet in Jesus. He is the God-man. He is more than the archetypal man, He is the revelation and power of God. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. So "the all-wise is the all-loving too. God in the gospel of his Son has all his might-

iest works outdone." "Such ever was love's way: to rise it stoops." This is the supreme message of the Incarnation.

"I believe it! 'Tis thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who receive
In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to believe.
As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand
the most weak.

'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! My flesh that
I seek

In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a hand like this
hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the
Christ stand!" C. A. Y.

At Christmas be merry and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the small.
—Thomas Tussar.

PROMOTING CHRISTIAN UNION.

NO MORE gracious task was ever assigned or assumed than that of bringing together again the body of Christ. The Disciples have many problems to solve, much work to be done. We cannot cry halt in the progress of our missionary and benevolent enterprises, in the superb work of evangelization, nor in the fostering of education. But we must not allow these tasks to absorb our attention to the neglect of the problems that arise out of our relations to the great religious bodies of Christendom.

Is it not timely to call attention again with renewed emphasis to the things which make for union, to the measures which help to heal divisions? Surely we are all praying, as did John Wesley, "Would to God that all party names and unscriptural phrases and forms which have divided the Christian world, were forgot, and that we might all agree to sit down together, as humble, loving disciples at the feet of our common Master, to hear his word, to imbibe his spirit, and to transcribe his life into our own."

Should not the Disciples of Christ everywhere study to co-operate in all the interdenominational work possible? We should not wait till such movements take form; we should ourselves inspire them. The time has come when we should have a number of men engaged in union evangelistic work. No doubt there are reactionaries who would gravely question such a procedure, but was ever a forward step taken without misgivings and oppositions? Fortunately we have no heresy courts, unless the private newspapers are going to supply this bit of ecclesiastical machinery for us.

The Disciples should also begin a systematic campaign to bring nearer together the great immersionist bodies. Our testimony for New Testament forms will be weightier the moment we cease our unseemly rivalry and study the things that make for peace. Let us go back and take up the threads of history and see if we may not weave together some of these old rents as a step toward restoring the seamless robe.

Accompanying these and other efforts, let there be a campaign of education among Christians of all creeds, to the end that they may be informed concerning our history and purpose. In most cases, where this is done, misrepresentation will cease. Features of such a campaign will be: The judicious distribution of literature; the exchange of church papers among ministers; exchange of pulpits; addresses before other religious bodies; addresses to us by other ministers, etc. The particular method will be determined largely by local conditions.

It ought to be said that the plea for Christian union is part of a broader plea and plan, if possible, namely that of international or racial union. The society known as The International, which arose in 1840, an attempt to unite the working classes of all nations, was an indication of a tendency which is historical and logical, except that it was not sufficiently comprehensive. The kingdom of God on earth means universal brotherhood; it must ultimately include all men, regenerated and redeemed. Naturally, we of all others

should be familiar with the great movements toward social and industrial unity, and maintain at least a friendly attitude toward them. Robert Burns caught the vision:—

"Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

THE VISITOR.

ONE always comes to the city of Florence with a certain sense of its superiority, in many regards, to every other place on Italian soil. It is not so beautifully situated as Venice. It has not the splendid harbor of Naples. It is not so prosperous commercially as Genoa; nor has it the historic interest of Rome. And yet in a way it combines all these qualities and adds to them somewhat of its own. For Florence is a beautiful city, situated on both banks of the Arno, that flows onward through Pisa to the sea; and looked down upon from the heights of Fiesole, no fairer view can be imagined than it presents, with the tall dome of the Cathedral flanked by the Baptistery and the Campanile, a central point of historic and artistic influence.

We reached Florence in the late afternoon from Padua, having passed through Bologna on the way, without being able to command the time for a visit to that city. We had our usual interesting experience in finding a proper hotel, but after two or three attempts found very comfortable apartments at the Chapman Hotel on via Pandelfini, an extension of the via Dante, within a stone's throw of the Duomo. We found this location the pleasanter by reason of the fact that Mr. Chapman is an American, who has spent many years in the States and was at one time in extensive business in Kansas City; but who went to Florence to assume control of the hotel at the earnest request of his mother, who found her advancing age a barrier to the further business direction of the house.

We met many Americans there during our stay, as one is likely to do in any hostelry during the season. All were engaged in the same diligent pursuit of Florentine sights and localities.

* * *

Of course, in starting out to see the city one always goes first to the Duomo or Cathedral. This splendid structure is the fruit of Brunelleschi's genius, and it need only be remembered that when Michael Angelo was commissioned to build a similar structure in Rome, which was to be the greatest edifice ever built by Christian hands, he replied to the instruction that he should make it greater than the Duomo at Florence; "Larger perhaps, but not more beautiful." From every part of the city the splendid church is visible. It commands the city as St. Peter's commands Rome, or St. Paul's commands London. The history of the Cathedral and the scenes which it has witnessed would require a volume to tell. He who is in the slightest degree awake to the artistic and historical virtues of the place finds ample material for meditation and pleasure in a visit to this remarkable structure. Its vast interior seems disappointing at first because of the prevailing darkness. It is only after one grows accustomed to the space and the lightings that he finds himself at home. Just in front of the Cathedral and separated from it by only a narrow passage, stands the older Church of St. John the Baptist, usually known as the Baptistery, an octagonal structure, which was for several generations the municipal Church of Florence before the erection of the Cathedral. Its chief interest is found in the great bronze doors, the ripest and richest fruit of Ghiberti's genius. There are those wonderful scenes from both Testaments, tracing the story of the Bible from Paradise to Revelation. Such rare and exquisite details have been a joy to the artistic of all the generations

(Continued on page 1378.)

The Wonderful Commonplace

By
J. H. Jowett,
M. A.

[Mr. Jowett is the successor of Dr. Dale at Carrs Lane Chapel, Birmingham. People may differ as to who is the foremost preacher in England. Mr. Jowett would certainly be named among the first four of the younger men.]

IS NOT this the Carpenter?" This was said in a tone of mingled surprise and suspicion. That the professed Messiah was a carpenter was to a great many people conclusive proof that He was a pretender. The Messiah in the plain, homely garb of a workman! This ran contrary to all their cherished expectations. It smote the national hope at the heart. It was a rude and vulgar burlesque of a great and glorious drama. The Messiah they expected was to be a great political leader, who should step into the usurped throne of the national life, and invest it with all the pomp and glory of an earlier day. He was to be the Captain of huge armies, beckoning peoples into subjection, crushing down all opposition and establishing a Jewish Empire whose sway none would dispute. By the majesty of his bearing, by the force of his will, by the ardour of his patriotism, he was to win the adhesion and enthusiasm of Israel, and restore again her faded glory. This was the Messiah they had seen in their visions, a great earthly conqueror, with a lust for earthly sovereignty and fired with merely national ambitions. For such an one they had yearned and waited and prayed. And now here is a poor carpenter, belonging to their own village, whom they had seen every day for years, working in a common shop, and at common work, and He suddenly declares himself to be the Messiah they sought! To the people the claims are almost grotesque. This mild-mannered Nazarene the conquering Messiah! The two things could not be reconciled. "Is not this the Carpenter?" How can a common carpenter be a Messiah? And they were offended in Him.

Now, is there anything in this incident which may afford counsel for us to-day? Is the disposition of these people in any way perpetuated in us? Is there still any inclination among us to expect God to incarnate Himself in majestic and extraordinary forms, and do we ever overlook Him—look over Him—because He appears in quite ordinary and commonplace dress? I want to lay this down as a guiding principle—God often appears in the form of a carpenter: He often enshrines His presence in plain and simple dress. We are expecting Him to appear in something glorious, and all the time He is in our midst in something homely. We expect a King; we see a carpenter. Our God loves homely attire, and it will be well for us not to overlook the apparently commonplace, for it may be the ark and shrine of the eternal presence.

Let me now give you some illustrations of this principle. Take the gospel itself. Who would have expected that the tidings of the Eternal God would have embodied themselves in homely tales? The Greeks rejected the homely story, and called it foolishness. They wanted a philosophy which would match and surpass the philosophies of their own great thinkers. They wanted a religion presented to them as an abstract thought, something subtle to exercise their sharpest

wits. And lo! this founder of Christianity comes and puts His gospel into simple illustrations about birds and lilies and lamps and salt; and into larger illustrations about sowing seed, and seeking pearls, and making bread, and bringing sinful lads home again! Men expected the gospel to come in the dress of a great philosophy; it came in the homely garb of a story. They expected a King; it came as a carpenter. I am not so sure that the tendency is yet dead. I have sometimes heard a sermon described as having nothing in it; it was "so simple"! I have yet to learn that simplicity is equivalent to shallowness.

That homely carpenter was the dwelling-place of God, and a simple sermon may enshrine the very power of the Holy Ghost. Don't suspect the message because it wears a simple dress. Don't suspect the gospel because it clothes itself in story. Don't suspect the Messiah because He comes in the garb of a carpenter.

Let me give you another illustration to confirm the statement that God loves homely attire. Look at the disciples whom our Master appointed to be the vehicles of His evangel, to be His trumpeters to round the faith in other lands. One would have expected that the great God would have called to His service the cultured, the eminent in learning, leaders in society, men and women of wide public influence, whose names were synonyms for power. These are they whom we should have expected to be the chosen heralds, men and women dressed in authority, and held in general repute. But no! the Master chose a few nobodies, a half-a-dozen fishermen and others of equal rank, and to these He committed the proclamation of the evangel.

gelical truth. "Plain and unlettered men" they were called, and in many places they were treated with contempt. It was the old mistake. The people expected that the messengers of the Lord would come clothed in the dress of culture and refinement, and lo! they came, with no literary polish, and no scholastic attainments, clothed in the barbarisms of their own local dialect. The people expected literary kings; they came as plain unlettered carpenters. What the Master did in Palestine He has been doing in all the ages since. Again and again He has taken the plain man and given him a revelation, and sent him out to declare it, and people have so dwelt upon the plainness of the messenger as to ignore the glory of the message. I have known people so fasten upon the dialect of a preacher as never to see the beauty of the truth he taught. It is the old mistake. The people could not see the evangelists for the fishermen. The people did not see the Messiah because they fastened their eyes upon the carpenter; they saw the plain, homely husk, but never tasted the sweet and immortal food.

Let me turn your thoughts round to another aspect of the same truth, that God often presents Himself in plain, homely attire. These people of old could not see the divine mission in a carpenter. They could see the divine mission in a priest. Has that stage of thought been altogether left behind? Do



THE CHRIST (Hofmann).

we recognize any difference between a carpenter and a priest? I use the word priest to indicate generally any man who has given himself to the work of what we call the Christian ministry. I ask if that old distinction still prevails. Let us see. We speak of a "call" to the ministry. Mark the words, "a call to the ministry." There we suggest the voice of the Eternal speaking to men and ordering the course of their lives along certain lines. If a man declare that he is called into the ministry, we at once assume that God has something to do with it, that the finger of God traced out the lines. There is such a thing as a divine call to be a minister. Is there such a thing as a divine call to be a carpenter? Why not? Does God trace the path of one man and not of another? Are ministers the only persons whose vocation is ordained of the Lord? Are all others self-chosen and self-ordained? Why do we make this distinction? Why should not this divinity dwell in a carpenter and shape a carpenter as well as dwell in and shape a priest? I am afraid the spirit of the people of old dwells in us largely to-day. A man going to India to be a missionary—we all recognize God's leadership there. A man going to India to be a merchant—how many of us see the divinity there? We impoverish life immeasurably by restricting the ordination of God to certain spheres, by recognizing it in the priest and ignoring it in the carpenter. We deliberately make three-quarters of life godless by assuming, as we too often do, that it takes a God to make a priest, but no God to make a carpenter. God claims to make them both—priest and carpenter—to dwell in both—to shape them both by the indwelling of His own Spirit. I want to read you the words in which our God makes the claim. "I have filled Him with the Spirit to teach and preach." Yes, we can all understand that. A man who is to be a preacher must be filled with the Spirit of God; he can do nothing without it; he must be God-made. But now, what about the carpenter? Here are some further words from the Bible:—"I have filled him with the Spirit of God for all manner of workmanship, in cutting of stones and in carrying of wood." Why, then, God claims that by the gift of His Spirit He makes a lapidary and a carpenter, and endows them with their skill! He not only gives the power to preach, but the power to carve wood and to cut and polish stones. This He claims. "I have filled him with the Spirit of God to work in gold and in silver and in brass." The skill to work in metals, God claims as His gift, the gift of His Spirit. I like to read these words and ponder over them. They elevate and glorify our common life. When I see a fellowman busily engaged in carving a rough lump of wood, and turning it into refined and beautiful shapes, I like to think that his skill is God-given, as well as the power of the priest. Why, then, should I not speak of the call to be a carpenter? Why should a mother say that God has called one of her sons into the ministry, and that the other has gone to be an engineer? If God did not call your lad to be an engineer, he has no right to be there. But if He did, his ordination was as sacred as the minister's. Tell your children that God calls all of us, that He goes before to prepare a place for us, and tell them to keep their eyes and their hearts open, and He will lead them into their own appointed place. I like to take this broad conception of divine ordination. There ought to be an ordination. There ought to be an ordination service in a house every time one of the lads leaves home to take up his life's work, whether it be as carpenter or as minister. Let him feel the sacredness of his work, let him know it is a divine calling, and in after years it will turn many an hour of drudgery into happy and consecrated toil. Let us get rid of the practical atheism which lurks in the inquiry: "Is not this the carpenter?" as though no divinity could dwell in such a common form. Let us remember that God loves the homely attire, and that His presence may be traced in the making of a plain and common workman as in the making of a more prominent and influential priest. I have not the skill and the aptitudes of a business man, because God has not called me to that high and honorable office; but perhaps He has called you and ordained you, and I urge you not to lose sight of the glorious fact, for it will turn your life into a ceaseless consecration. The caretaker of a church and the minister of the church are

both called of God, or neither of them has any right to be there. They are both of them called and ordained, and if they are both faithful to their calling they shall both receive the equal approbation of God. "Is not this the carpenter?" Yes, but because of that not to be spurned and treated lightly. "Is not this the carpenter?" Yes, but God in homely dress, the chosen of the Highest, ordained to work the creed of creeds, "in loveliness of perfect deeds, more strong than all poetic thought."

Let me ask you to consider one other application of the truth that God's presence is often enshrined in simple form, and in plain and homely dress. I have often noticed that where people become disciples of Jesus, and join themselves to the fellowship of His church, they begin to ask what they might do in the shape of Christian service. They look for an opening where they may do a little work for Christ. And sometimes I have heard them say: "I don't see that there is any opening for me; I don't see that there is anything which I can do." Just as I can conceive some man in the olden days saying, "I see no signs of a Messiah here"; and lo! the Messiah was in the humble carpenter by his side. And people sometimes look for an imposing opening for service, something standing out in the public gaze, and they find none. And the divine opening often presents itself in some plain and humble duty which they altogether ignore. God's messengers are often plain carpenters, and divine opportunities are often very obscure and homely duties. God's call is often made through a very lowly office, and we overlook it because we are seeking for something great. Men are lying in indolence waiting for the divine mission, and lo! it is at hand, in plain carpenter's dress, a very tame and inglorious task. You are looking out for some mission-room where you could start a school for waifs and strays. And you haven't seen the opening yet. And you are waiting for God to make an open door. Perhaps there is a much humbler task awaiting you. Perhaps you have overlooked a very plain and prosy duty at your very side, which is the divine appointment. There are many people who would like an opening in the foreign field, but the door is shut, and a humbler door is open nearer home. You would like to do something heroic for Jesus, and the heroism He has appointed is to look after your old and invalid mother. How very commonplace! Yes, God as a carpenter. The divine as a commonplace task. Let us look well at the carpenter; He will turn out to be the Son of God. Let us look well to the plain and homely duties; they will turn out to be the appointed tasks of God.

THE VISITOR.

(Continued from page 1376.)

since that master wrought. Within the Baptistery, the municipal rites of baptism and marriage are celebrated. Here practically all the children born in Florence are brought for the priestly office. The interior is dark but richly ornamented, and at almost any hour of the day little groups of people may be seen coming and going to celebrate a marriage or a baptism.

Diagonally across from the Baptistery and by the side of the front porch of the Cathedral stands the wonderful square Bell Tower or Campanile of Giotto. This man's artistic works are rare, though he is known to be one of the earliest and most influential of Florentine artists. He was a younger contemporary and devout admirer of Dante, and the splendid proportions of this tall tower, lacking only a little of equalling the dome in height, are worthy of the man who aspired to be the friend of the greatest poet who ever trod Italian soil. Now that the Campanile in Venice has fallen, probably never to rise again, it is a satisfaction to have still this beautiful and commanding structure, of which it might almost be said, as Carlyle exclaimed of the Taj Mahal, that it seemed as though it was begun by titans and finished by goldsmiths. Its airy lightness and beauty form the appropriate finish of its substantial proportions. There are other towers in Italy, among them the Leaning Tower of Pisa and another of similar character at Bologna. But of all the remaining monuments of this type of architecture, Giotto's Campanile is the very masterpiece.

The poor will many a care forget,
The debtor think not of his debt;
But as they each enjoy their cheer,
Wish it was Christmas all the year.

—Thomas Miller.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

GEO. L. SNIVELY.

AS THE birth song in the virgin's heart found multi-
phonic crescendo in the angel's song, so was the
child's first cry re-echoed by the terrified babes of
Bethlehem. Mary's sword was first tested in the
hearts of their mothers and proven fit for the prophetic trag-
edy.

The seraphs' songs heralding the Savior's birth were
heard even in Satan's throne room. He could not strangle
the angels but in malignancy could silence the cradles, and
drown in innocent blood the significance of the song to hap-
py homes. The Advent was the beginning of the end of his
cruel reign, but in defeat he could still afflict.

Those little dagger torn bosoms are touchstones revealing
even more truly than the cross the turpitude of that age and
the world's need of a Savior. So small this crime in Herod-
ian days that only two writers mention it aside from the
sacred biographer.

Go back in the annals of the most enlightened of nations
to where little ones are torn from pleading mothers' arms
and murdered that the declared purposes of God might be
thwarted and you find one measure of that great darkness
the Son of Righteousness came to dispel.

Holman Hunt's version of this scripture is best. His
immortal picture of the scene portrays the little ones awak-
ening as from sleep and trailing in beautiful clouds after the
Child into the land of safety. He calls it The Triumph of
the Infants. They did triumph. They died for Him. In
their satiation of the cruel monarch's bloodthirst He was
spared for redemptive ministry.

Christ is first to dedicate places for children in holy tem-
ples. Doubtless His unearthly tenderness for the little ones
He so often blessed was somewhat inspired by Mary's oft
told story of the Bethlehem babes who died for His name's
sake. Nor was His love for motherhood impaired as He re-
called those village mothers struggling ineffectually to save
their darlings from the murderer's hands, and their anguish
as they gazed into the little marble faces and starless eyes.
Let one Christmas song celebrate The Slaughter of the Inno-
cents—'tis antiquities holiest sacrifice to the new Priest and
King. They and their mothers are Christianity's first mar-
tyrs, and of all the jewels in the diadem of the Prince of
Glory I conceive them as the brightest.

THE QUEST OF THE WISE MEN.

CECIL J. ARMSTRONG.

IN JERUSALEM on a certain day, nearly two thou-
sand years ago, there were troubled faces and
anxious inquiries in every home, and consternation
in the palace of the king. "Who are these three
strange men?" "What meaneth their inquiry?" were ques-
tions passed from lip to lip. "A rival for my throne!"
angrily exclaimed the king—anxious because in his time
dynasties were changed in a day. What produced this ex-
citement of the entrance of the three wise men who came in
quest of "The King of the Jews," whose star they had seen
in the east.

To us to-day, especially at Christmas-tide, this quest of the
wise men is of peculiar interest. It expresses the yearning
of the nations of that day to find the One long expected.
Man, long dissatisfied with human conditions, and satiated
with human philosophies, had, by dim promises, poorly un-
derstood prophecies, and in divinely implanted longing, been
taught to look for the advent of Him who was to rule in
righteousness. That One came. The wise men, in their
quest of the King with their gifts of great value, were repre-
sentatives of the ancient Orient in its desire for a nobler life.

Their search was a long one. Doubtless many times they
became discouraged. Yet with a perseverance undaunted

and a faith unwavering they persisted until they stood within
the stall in the ancient village of David, and gazed upon the
object of their quest. The Infant upon which they looked
was destined to grow into the mighty Man whom all the
world honors to-day. Could they that day have read in
those large, dark eyes and that beautiful countenance the
future of His life, so faultless in every word and deed, and
so appealing in love and sacrifice, there would have been a
deeper fervor in their worship, and a greater joy in their
gifts.

He who seeks the Christ is the wise man. To him the
guiding star will ever be visible. He is worthy of man's
quest, for to-day He is not simply "The King of the Jews,"
but "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." The acceptable
gifts now are not simply "gold, frankincense and myrrh,"
but the life lost that it may be found, the sacrifice perpetual,
and the love unending—gifts worthy of the King. When
one stands in the presence of the Son of God, comes under
the spell of His matchless personality, and hears those
tender words that comforted the sorrowing and ennobled the
fallen, he enjoys a privilege far greater, and receives a
blessing more lasting than did the wise men in ancient
Bethlehem.

THE NAME "JESUS" ABOVE EVERY NAME.

W. T. RUSSELL.

THE name of "Jesus" is above every name. It means
Jehovah is salvation. It is a name whose equal in
prophecy and triumph the world has never yet nor
ever will behold. No wonder its syllables were
lispied in heaven and sung by angels to the earth!

His peculiar mission to save from sin ranks him the high-
est in all ages. The world was to have no greater generals,
teachers, philanthropists; no greater statesmen or philoso-
phers, unaided by divine assistance, than had already graced
or cursed the pages of its history. But he came to save from
sin. Here was a field in which simple statesmanship or art
or poesy, pure philanthropy or highest ethics, regal splendor
or martial heroism could never lift the burden from the
human heart that was pressed down with the most vital of all
questions, How can a man be right with God? Here then
was a field as yet untouched—a mission unassumed, un-
dreamed of, and unique.

Jesus, then, must be viewed as Savior. Simple admira-
tion of Jesus will not avail. True, he has a charming char-
acter. His was the life that Goldsmith pictured in the line,
"He allured to heaven and led the way." He was the ex-
ample Shakespeare delineated when he wrote, "He hath a
daily beauty in his life." The infidel Strauss was led to ex-
claim: "He remains the highest model of religion within
the reach of our thought, and no perfect piety is possible
without his presence in the heart." But he must not only be
admired, but accepted and realized as an actual, personal
Savior. Christ must enter the soul and transfigure the life.
Each man must be able to exclaim: "I know that my Re-
deemer liveth."

No Jesus of ethical culture has influenced the world. No
Jesus of mere philosophy has been able to remove sin from
humanity. It was not the Jesus of Strauss or Bauer or De
Wette that conquered Germany for right and truth and God.
The Jesus of Voltaire or Rousseau or Renan never con-
quered France for righteousness and purity. It was no
Jesus of Collins or Bolingbroke or Hume that conquered
England for God and human liberty. The Jesus who has
lifted our world from the lowest to the highest plains of
purest civilization is the Jesus made known by the angel of
the Annunciation, and whose beautiful life is recorded by
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. This is the Jesus to whom
we bow and worship, before whom kingdoms, potentates and
powers tremble and submit.

But the star that shines in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease;
And we listen still to the tidings
Of glory and of peace.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

Christ in Modern Art

By
W. E. Barton,
D. D.

[Being a portion of a chapter from Dr. Barton's new "Life of Christ," published by the Pilgrim Press, by special arrangement with the author.]

I wish to mention a very few modern artists and to characterize the Christ whom they are revealing to the people to-day. Some of them rest their reputations as painters of the Christ upon a single great picture, as Burne-Jones in his "Mary at the Sepulchre." Munkacsy also is known almost wholly by his "Christ Before Pilate," though the thin faced enthusiast in this picture, dignified only by his calmness, meekness and erect poise, lacks the heroic power of his "Ecce Homo."

But most of the modern painters who have made a distinct impression have done so in a series of illustrations covering practically the whole of the life of Christ. Of these are Dore, whose works are careless of execution, and wearisome with their long, perpendicular lines, but not lacking in dignity and a certain inflexible grace. Overbeck's series is distinctly conventional and academic, but reverent and sincere. Bida, too, in his illustrated Bible series gives us a Christ who moves through the whole series of incidents of the Gospels. And whether Jesus sits passive and meditative by the sea, or stands before the booth of Matthew, and erect and calm, calls this man of affairs from his business with assurance and self-control, the Christ is lovable and impressive.

Among all the modern artists none holds a place so dear among the people as Hofmann. If his Christ lacks masculinity he does not lack loveliness. The two heads of Christ most popular in the art stores are from details of his pictures—the boy Jesus in the Temple and the man Jesus looking upon the clean, upright young ruler with love and invitation in his face. It is not too much to say that this picture of the face of Christ has supplanted in popular affection the thorn crowned "Ecce Homo" of Guido Reni, and is, next to Da Vinci's great painting, the best loved head of Christ. Tissot, too, presents his Christ not in a single scene but in a series covering the whole extent of the land in which he lived.

Notable among American achievements in religious art, and thoroughly characteristic as well, are the water colors of Mr. Corwin Knapp Linson. His pictures are based upon actual study in the Holy Land; and though the study was neither so long nor so arduous as that of Tissot, he has caught the local color admirably. Among American artists who are seeking to interpret the Christ in the free life among men, and in the clear light of the

wide out of doors is Mr. Alfred Juergens. Strong, original and free his paintings are full of life and power. He is now engaged in painting two very large mural paintings for a church in Chicago. I am able to reproduce his study for the head of Christ as it is to be used in one of these—"The Blessing of the Children."

* * *

The best known painter of the peasant Christ is Fritz von Uhde of Munich. At a glance one sees his method, which is to place the Christ among German peas-

pictures branded him as a heretic. Artists denounced him for breaking away from their traditions. Theologians stood astounded at his heterodoxy. The Emperor made no secret of his displeasure. But still the people looked at the pictures. They could be denounced but not despised. They were conventional but unmistakably reverent. They revealed the democratic Christ, independent of ecclesiastics and of traditions, coming close to the every day life of men. And men saw the Savior anew with them and the artist's fame grew. To the Emperor's disgust he became professor in the royal academy and both artists and ministers of the gospel see in his work a revelation of the nearness of Christ to men.

Some recent painters have become unconscious theologians and politicians in their portrayal of the democratic Christ. These simple peasants in the paintings of Von Uhde—they are no candidates for ordination, neither are they henceforth to be spiritually subject to the orders of others. Others wiser may teach them; others holier may guide them; but the Christ himself is rear them and who shall stand between?

The methods of modern painters have unquestionably made Jesus more human, more a man among men, and, in this art reflects the spirit of the age. Yet just here he appears the more transcendent, not by reason of a halo or by arbitrary position upon the canvas, but by right of his inherent dignity and power. Indeed we meet a notable discovery, namely, that the Christ ideal will bear transportation out of the conventions of recognized art and of the environments of actual history, and still retain its power. Next to Von Uhde's paintings should be placed L'Hermite's "Supper at Emmaus," which shows a peasant Christ among peasant disciples. The solemnity and reverence of the painting are as unquestionable as its spiritual power.

Modern art has shown some even more daring innovations and they are not wholly without value as interpretations. The paintings of Jean Beraud are an excellent example and an extreme one as well. Making his earlier paintings of modern life from the window of a cab in the streets of Paris, or from a house boat on the Seine, he has introduced the identical types, costumes and all, into his scenes from the life of Christ. Mary Magdalene lies at his feet in her Parisian ball dress in a well-appointed Paris dining-room, while Simon, the Pharisee, stands by, well dressed, but not overdressed, well bred as the world counts breeding, a well-fed, prosperous Parisian



THE BETRAYAL (Herbert).

ants of to-day and to have him seem at home among them. His "Come Lord Jesus and be our Guest" is an invitation offered by a German rustic in heavy wooden shoes and secured by his sturdy, but reverent wife. The old man in the corner—a common old German grandsire—comes forward with bent form to add his humble welcome, and the children, chubby German children with good appetites, stand behind their chairs till he is seated.

* * *

L'Hermite has given us but a single well known painting of the Christ of the peasants, and Zimmermann but two or three, Uhde on the contrary has painted many and is painting more, and the seriousness of his purpose grows more evident, and marks him as the best exponent of this type of modern art. Uhde's

gentleman with moustache turning gray, courteous but cynical, and his guests sit forward in their chairs with languid curiosity or mild surprise, or stand and look at her with supercilious pity or easy going scorn, or in the background pass joking remarks about the intruder and her near approach to Jesus. Prominent living men of Paris sat—unconsciously and unwillingly—for their portraits in this painting, which transports the life of Jesus into the present day society, where he finds well bred cynicism and lack of sympathy. As of old the proud have rejected him, while still, as then, poor, penitent souls are forgiven and blessed. And the Master sits in the midst of those representatives of cultured but godless society, a rebuke to the hypocrisy and veneered goodness of modern respectability. This picture is now interdicted in Paris because of its personality. My friend obtained a copy with considerable difficulty.

The French pictures commonly lack the depth and tenderness of the best of the German; but there is often a keen satire that is most effective. One of these by Debat-Possan takes a powerful hold on the imagination. It represents the horrors of modern war, the slaughter of men, the massacre of women, the wanton destruction of homes, and it draws both victims and victors from portraits of historic characters. There stands Francis the First, Conde, "Le grande" Louis XIX, Coligny, and other heroes of the bloody field, regarding their devilish work with complacency, while above them, on a little elevation appears the Christ saying, "Why have ye done this?" It is a picture as full of pathos as of satire, and is an effective sermon in favor of peace.

Among the most sympathetic and spiritual contemporary European artists is Joseph-Aubert, whose paintings are as tender in their religious feelings as they are faithful in technique. Among young



THE GOOD SHEPHERD (Plockhorst).

English painters none better deserves mention than Frederick Shields. It is said that one poor, sinful man, looking at his "Christ and Peter," and feeling himself sinking in his shameful life, sobbed, "He can save me, too," and echoed Peter's prayer, and heard in his renewed soul the answer.

It would be pleasant to say a word of each of the newer paintings. Whether we view the Christ in Ruedenstein's "Suffer Little Children" or in the faithful paintings of Kirchbock, or in An-

derson's three scenes from the Lord and the Adulteress, or in Hugo Mieth's "The Widow's Mite," the Christ whom we behold is one to love and honor and follow. In Girardet's "On the Way to Emmaus" the face of the Savior is dim, and our eyes are beholden, but our hearts burn within us as we walk with him by the way. In Wehle's "Behold, I send you forth," we walk with him again, this time through the fields. It is not that we may pluck the ripening grain and rub it in our hands. It is the harvest of the world, and the Master in calling his disciples to him, one by one, giving each his mission, and telling each to be faithful to the end. We need not ask whether such pictures are to live, and it is enough that they now live and that they faithfully interpret the Christ to men.

I have noted the double tendency to realism and have commended it. It would be pleasant to say that modern religious art has also a tendency to idealism; but if this is true I do not know where to look for it. Our artists are painting landscapes or portraits, or illustrating for the magazines. For these are the things that buy bread and butter, of which artists get, on an average, all too little. But the time is ripe for another movement such as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood started to give to the world, till it lost its impetus in affectation and conspicuous lack of that very simplicity which was its original end and aim. If the American painters of to-day can forget for a time their necessary pot-bollers, and paint for us new and strong pictures of the ideal Christ, they will not lack an audience, and I believe they will also find purchasers.

There still is room for the artists who would paint the Christ. Among all the



"WHY HAVE YE DONE THIS?" (Debat-Possan).



"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO ME" (Ruedenstein).



THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.—Gabriel Max).



"BEHOLD, I SEND YOU FORTH."—(Wehle).

thousands of paintings of him, the seeker feels a singular lack. There is lack, certainly, of proportion. There are Nativities enough, and Crucifixions more than enough; and it is hard to say what incident in the life of Christ may not be illustrated with a great painting. Yet there is a real lack of pictures that illustrate the mature life and ministry of Jesus in a way that appeals to the imagination of to-day. The world is ready for more great paintings, and even for paintings not technically great, if sympathetic, strong, and religious in feeling, which show the Christ who lived among men, teaching, healing, helping, inspiring, and creating in them new hopes, aspirations, and ideals.

We have been noting some differences between ancient and modern art. These concern themselves chiefly with the aspects in which Christ is presented and the scenes in which he is made to appear. It is most surprising that the paintings of different countries and ages exhibit so much that is common in their likeness of Christ. Spite of all their wide variety, there is enough common to them all so that one is never in doubt for a moment as to the person intended to represent the Christ. And however inadequately he is painted, it is seldom that the artist has not attempted his best. The Christ of art is never adequate; but he seldom lacks attractiveness or some element of grace.

In all great paintings that portray him, the Christ is the principal, though not always the central, figure. Even in the crowded canvases of Paul Veronese, there is no mistaking the chief character; nor has modern art been at all disposed to assign him any less conspicuous position. The light that emanates from the babe in Correggio's "Holy Night," and irradiates the face of the mother and the interior of the stable, is the same that in Merson's "Repose of Egypt" emanates from the sleeping infant, and that in Holman

Hunt's "Light of the World" streams from the person of the Savior of men.

Even in the most daring of modern paintings the Christ is almost if not wholly unchanged. Very seldom does an artist put him into modern garb, or make him other than men have supposed him. Men change, and their costumes change, but the unchanging Christ stands among

them, is loved or scorned, accepted or rejected, honored or crucified by men and women of to-day. Even so radical and modern a painter as Beraud has not had courage, if indeed he so desired, to create a new ideal of the Christ; so far as his brush bears testimony, it is to the unchanging Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

With such an ideal fixed in the mind of artists and of the people, the Christ of art can not well become degraded, nor cease to display spirituality and sympathy, whatever the figure may lack in strength and in the technique of art itself. We have in art and in literature what we may assume is a tolerably fixed ideal.

Modern painters have not lowered this conception of him. The works of Hofmann and Plockhorst, of Munkacsy and Gabriel Max, whatever may be said of their enduring quality, do not fall in setting forth a gracious, dignified, and adorable character. Whatever their failings, we may well be devoutly thankful for the sweet tenderness of Plockhorst's "Good Shepherd" and the pathos and benevolence of Gabriel Max's "Great Physician." It is in such themes as these that modern art has done its best. Of Gethsemanes and of Crucifixions there have been no lack in mediaeval art, but if the temper of the present age may be estimated by the modern paintings that may be called truly popular, it is distinctly humanitarian, for we shall find those paintings to be in larger proportion than those that exhibit him in his teaching, feeding, shepherding, healing, and helping, rather than in those that appeal more to the love of the mystical, or to the contemplation of his physical sufferings. It can not be denied that in all this, art has been in close accord with the progress of modern theology.

In all this, modern art has exhibited no lack of fidelity to the truth as it is in Christ, and there is a distinct return toward the dominant conception of

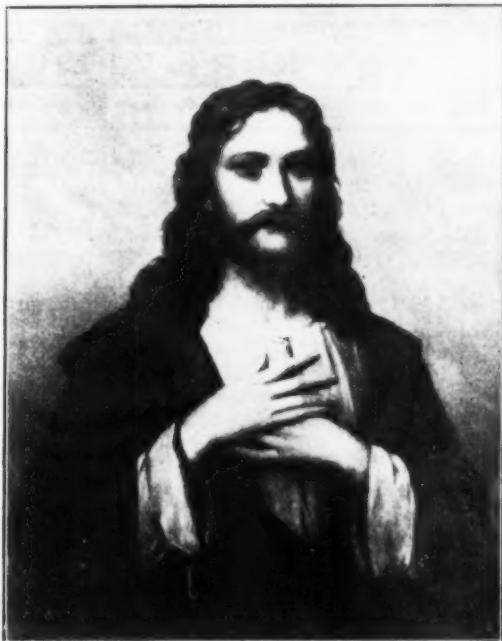


JESUS BEARING THE CROSS.—(Bouguereau).



"COME LORD JESUS AND BE OUR GUEST."—(Fritz Von Uhde).

the early church. In answer to the question what pictures of Christ are most called for, the manager of a house that deals in



THE SAVIOR OF THE WORLD.—(F. Bucher).

STUDY FOR HEAD OF CHRIST.
(Alfred Juergens.)

one-cent half-tone reproductions answered that, as a series, those of Hoffmann are most in demand, with "The Boy Christ in the Temple," the most popular; and that among pictures of the adult Christ the one sold in largest numbers is Ploekhorst's "Good Shepherd." This is a notable change since the day when Guido Reni sent forth his sorrowful and thorn-crowned "Ecce Homos" by the score. It reminds us at once of Stanley's declaration that the religion of the early church "was in one word, the religion of the Good Shepherd. The kindness, the courage, the beauty, the grace of the Good Shepherd, was to them, if we may say so, prayer book and articles, creed and canons, all in one. They looked on that figure, and it conveyed to them all they wanted."

What wonder that the face of the Christ should be the perpetual challenge and the despair of artists? What wonder

that they should have failed to express all the glory of him in whom men saw the life of the Father? It could not be otherwise. If the artist's best work gives expression to one phase of the beauty of his life, but ever suggests the lack of something which no human brush can paint, it is just what we might expect. We should need to add together all the elements of dignity and beauty and sweetness and strength of all the artists, and still we should lack a complete picture of him. The face and character of the Christ stands as a perpetual exhortation. The likeness of Christ ennoble our daily tasks and exalts our ideal of the good and true and beautiful in human life.

We set out to explore briefly the world of art in an effort to answer the question, Who is the Christ whom the artists have found in popular thought and given back again in their paintings? Hastily we have looked at representative paintings of the past and the present, of our own nation and of other nations. We have not been satisfied; we are still seeking the face which we have almost discovered. But we have found a surprising consistency, a high ideal, and a face and figure which, however disappointing, are never vulgar or uncouth, never base or suggestive of evil, but always reverent, sincere and noble.

Burden bearing brings blessing sharing.



THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.—(Holman Hunt).

Faith's forelook brightens to-day's outlook.

* * *

Self-indulgence is the secret of indigence.

* * *

There are no rights without responsibilities.

* * *

It does not take much of a saint to denounce the sins he cannot digest.

Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, love divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign.

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love the universal sign.

—Christine G. Rosetti.

The man who hasn't enough religion to last till he gets home from meeting hasn't enough to take him through to heaven.

BOOK REVIEWS

Jesus of Nazareth, the Story of His Life and the Scenes of His Ministry, by Wm. E. Barton, D. D. Boston, Pilgrim Press, 1903. Pp. 558; Price, \$2.50, net.

Dr. Barton is the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park, Illinois, and recently published a volume recounting the experiences of the Celtic Cruisers to the Holy Land. The title of that volume was "The Old World in the New Century," and those who had the pleasure of reading it will welcome any other material from the pen

every age. This section lends a special value to the work. The Pilgrim Press has furnished the volume with a handsome dress. It is printed upon heavy art paper and would make an admirable holiday gift.

Fortunes of Fifi, by Molly Elliott Seawell. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Pp. 239; price, \$1.50.

The author of "Francezka," "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac" and "The Children of Destiny," has in this volume given us a story of an actress during the imperial regime in Paris, whose fortunes become involved with those of the Emperor Napoleon. Interesting pictures of the social life and politics of the time are presented, though the book lays no claim to a historical foundation. It is a story of the Madam Sans Gene order, which lovers of fiction will enjoy. The illustrations by De Thulstrup are artistic and are reproduced in colors.

Wally Wanderoon and His Story-Telling Machine, by Joel Chandler Harris. New York, McClure, Phillips & Co., 1903. Pp. 294; price, \$1.60, net.

Joel Chandler Harris is a popular writer for children, and in this book he has followed his usual bent in entertaining little folk with wonderful adventures under the guidance



FROM "WALLY WANDEROON."
McClure, Phillips & Co.

of a queer little old man, who takes the children out for wonderful rambles. Some familiar figures are noted by the way, such as have been met in other of this author's works. The illustrations are numerous, but would scarcely be called artistic by the most amiable reviewer.

The Enchanted Island of Yew, by L. Frank Baum. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; pp. 242.

A really charming fairy story for children from ten to fifteen. The marvelous adventures of three little maids who meet a fairy and who witness her transformation into a sprightly knight, who goes forth to encounter all manner of dangers and performs all sorts of heroic deeds for twelve months, form a narrative sufficiently entertaining to make the book really a very charming contribution to child literature. The illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory are very numerous, and some of them are exquisite full-page color prints.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,

I'll sing, first in night's diadem,

Forever and for evermore,

The star—the star of Bethlehem!

—Henry Kirke White.

FROM "THE FORTUNES OF FIFE."
Bobbs-Merrill Co.

of so interesting and informed a narrator. The present work is splendidly prepared, with more than three hundred and fifty illustrations of scenes in the life of Christ, reproduced from the great masters, and of places in which the ministry of Jesus fell, reproduced from photographs secured by Dr. Barton. The volume is a popular rather than a critical work. It has a special value of telling the story in a readable and interesting way. At the same time there are sufficient critical elements in it to render it serviceable as an actual history of the life of Christ. One may differ from the conclusions Dr. Barton has reached on some points, as for instance regarding the location of the temple-cleansing in the calendar of Jesus' ministry. But few points of controversy will appear in the reading of the book. A supplementary section is devoted to the Christ of Art, which gives discriminating statements regarding numbers of scenes from the life of Christ that have been reproduced by painters of

Treasured Thoughts Gleaned from the Fields of Literature, by Frank V. Irish; Chicago, 75 cents.



This little book should be in every home. It is full of bright and beautiful poems, all wholesome and many of them such as no cultured person should forget. Professor Irish has published a beautiful holiday edition of "Treasured Thoughts," and those desirous of making a beautiful and useful Christmas gift should write Professor Irish. Quotations from all the best authors will be found in this book. For descriptive circular and

prices write the author, Frank V. Irish, Chicago, Ills.

A Flame of Fire. By Joseph Hocking. Fleming H. Revell Co., \$1.50.

Mr. Hocking has won with the people, but he is a disappointment to the critic. It is with special interest that a reviewer thoroughly familiar with an author's earlier writings takes up a new book after he has not followed the author for several years. Perhaps it is that Mr. Hocking is out of his element when he leaves Cornwall and London, and goes to Spain, that his latest story does not attract us. Mr. Hocking never was lacking in imagination, but this time his "and they were happy ever afterwards" does not at all convince. The story is ragged, unreal, and has the signs of hasty construction. It requires something more than being a Cornish Methodist, a non-conformist parson and a month's trip to the land of the Don to write a stirring romance of the Inquisition or the Armada. That "something more" is what Mr. Hocking has not put into "A Flame of Fire." The natural inference would be that having made his pulpit secondary to his literary work, his books would show marked improvement. But we think that he did far better work when he was writing in the long ago one chapter in advance of the compositors for a religious weekly than he is doing to-day. The heights of North London have not proven more inspiring than the milder ozone of Thornton Heath. Doubtless many young folk will thoroughly enjoy this story, but to a reviewer it brings out vividly the danger of an author becoming professional.

C. R. Atkinson, who has been superintendent of city schools at York, Nebraska, has compiled a convenient little volume of "Memory Gems." Such booklets should have a very wide distribution. The price is only ten cents. Parents as well as teachers will find it of service in getting children as well as older persons to store their minds with beautiful gems of thought. Any one wanting a book a little more elaborate for a Christmas gift should know that Prof. Frank V. Irish also has an excellent book along this line.

Savonarola, or the Reformation of a City; with other Addresses on Civic Righteousness, by E. L. Powell, LL. D. Louisville, Sheltman & Co., 1903; pp. 156; price, \$1.00.



There is not a better known preacher among the Disciples of Christ than the author of this book, and by many he is regarded as the best representative of pulpit address in the brotherhood. It is a satisfaction to have in permanent form some of his platform and pulpit utterances. This volume is a collection of addresses delivered in Louisville, and for the most part in the pulpit of the church of which Dr. Powell is the pastor. The life of the Florentine reformer suggests in a happy way the subject of municipal reformation. The book does not attempt to study Savonarola further than to present in rapid sentences his career in the city by the Arno. The remainder of the chapters are devoted to themes directly related to civic righteousness, under such titles as "The Citizens on Guard," "Sleeping Citizenship," "The Need of Prophet Leaders," "Public Men and Morals," "Early Ideals of the Republic," and "The Divine Presence in Political History." What gives force to the volume is the fact that Dr.

Powell has been a foremost advocate of municipal reform in his own city, and has been recognized as a prophet of righteousness, contending for a better regime in the city and state of his residence. The addresses will be found of great practical value by ministers who are anxious to serve their generation effectively and by all citizens who believe in the



FROM "THE ENCHANTED ISLAND OF YEW."
Bobbs-Merrill Co.

redemption of our municipalities from the reign of the boddler and the professional politician.

Two or three trifling mistakes will no doubt be corrected in another edition. Savonarola was not a monk of St. Boniface, but of St. Dominic, and he was born in 1453, not in 1423.

The second number of the Winona Review presents not only a fine illustration of the printing art, but an intellectual and spiritual feast of unusual excellence. In these days when magazines and journals generally are trying to be popular and "light" in thought, rather than pure and luminous with scriptural truth, it is refreshing to see a young and vigorous publishing company such as the Winona Publishing Company of Chicago bravely giving the public such a strong list of articles as the following: "Christ and the Atonement," by James Orr, of Glasgow; "The Wisdom of Paul," by James M. Gray; "Missions Vital to Christianity;" "The Evangelical Church," and many others. It is also full of good sermonic articles, as "The God of Elijah," by A. C. Dixon; "Abram, the Jew," by John Robertson. The article by Hon. John V. Farwell on "The Christian Business Man's Relation to the Church," is worth a whole year's subscription, which is only one dollar. There are one hundred pages of the best reading matter in the number. The advertising is clean and of special interest to Christian workers and book buyers.

AT THE CHURCH

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

SILAS JONES.

Pensioning Our Veterans.

Topic Dec. 16: Phil. 4:10-18; I Cor. 9:7-14.

The gracious manner in which Paul acknowledges the gift of his friends and brethren at Philippi excites the admiration of all who read the epistle to the Philippians. He maintains his self-respect, he is no beggar and he makes the reader feel his independence of spirit. At the same time he shows that he greatly appreciates the kindness of his friends. They are made to feel that they have done a most beautiful deed, one that is in harmony with the teaching of the apostle and of his Master. It will occur to every one who is accustomed to go to the New Testament for instruction in the way of life that this incident ought to do more for us than to excite our admiration. Are there not those related to us as Paul was related to the Philippians? And are any of these teachers in need of the comforts of life? If our Christianity is anything but a name we know there are men to whom we owe much for the instruction they have given us. Furthermore, we have only to look about us and we shall see worthy ministers of Christ who need the assistance of their brethren. Some of these men are as worthy as Paul. They have been as faithful to their trust as Paul was to his. They, too, can receive a gift without loss of self-respect. We can rejoice in the service we render our veterans as much as the Philippians rejoiced in the kindness they showed to their great teacher. Every neglected minister of the gospel, who has been faithful to his calling, is a reproach to his brethren. They ought not to have permitted him to serve them or else they ought to provide for him in his old age if he has not been able to lay by something for the time of infirmity. The one demand which we have a right to make concerning them is that they have a record for usefulness in their ministry. It might be well if more of them had bank accounts. But a bank account is not an essential part of a successful ministry. It is possible for a man to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ and come to the closing days of his life without money. Now the fact is that a number of men among us have done this very thing. They have claims upon us which cannot be ignored without sin on our part.

We can understand better the needs and the feelings of the old preachers if we let one of them speak to us. "There is a living faith in things of present needs, as well as in spiritual things; for God has promised that those who trust him shall want for no good thing. I have preached and lived in this faith for many years, and I have never known the promises to fail in any particular, though sometimes I waited long in seeming darkness. I never had the gifts of preaching and money-making together, and I always felt that entire devotion to my ministry cut off time and opportunity for business. And then when in the midst of duty the question would press me, What will you do when your strength and years are feeble? the Lord's promises would arise and kindle faith for the day of weakness and I have never been disappointed and I share no doubt that others of like precious faith can testify the same. I thank God for the Ministerial Relief, for it has been a precious comfort during the last year, yet I would much rather be able, if it were possible, to supply my needs with my own hands. I have reason to be thankful for what strength I have. I submit all to the will of Him who worketh all things for our good as well as to His own praise."

A dear little child in a stable born,
Whose love is the world's salvation.

—Lucy Larcom.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

CHARLES BLANCHARD.

An Anti-Worry Meeting.

Topic, Dec. 13: John 14:1-31.

This fourteenth chapter of John is one of the precious revelations of the Father's love and of the Savior's care for his disciples. Dear to the hearts of childhood and of age are these tender words: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am ye may be also." The Gospel that brings this blessed assurance of hope to human hearts can never lose its power in the sympathies and lives of sorely troubled men and bereaved women. There is nothing like it in that confident assurance of comfort and constraint of love, falling from the lips of Him who truly spake as never man spake. The simple sincerity of the Master's manner, the utter absence of any motive to deceive, compels our hearts into submission and exultation. Somehow we feel, instinctively, as little children do, that this One speaks certainly of the things whereof he knows, and our hearts are persuaded and assured before him. It can not be that the Master would deceive his disciples. Himself dwells amid the certainties and serenities. Heaven's as real a place in the thought and conversation of Jesus as anything of earthly surroundings or associations. The atmosphere of spiritual and eternal things surrounds us in the presence of Christ. We breathe the mountain air, even while we stand amid the shadow of great darkness in the deep valley. There is a majestic sweetness in the voice of the Master, reassuring in its strength, sympathetic in its tenderness. His is the charmed voice of all the centuries, and his words are the magic wand to wave away the doubts and ward off the fears that come unbidden and unwelcomed into our hearts and homes.

* * *

There is something pathetic in the plaint of Thomas: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?" It finds an echo in all our fearful hearts. And nothing but the assurance of the Master can bring satisfaction and strength and quietness. "I am the way and the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Who so worthy to thus speak unto us, and to be accepted and followed is simple trust and absolute sincerity? Beyond all questioning, by the character of Jesus, the unrepachable life he lived, the uniqueness of his teachings, their perfect adaptation to our profoundest needs, he is worthy to speak unto us with authority and to claim the affections and faiths of mankind. It is not blind credulity that leads plain, practical, everyday sort of folks to put implicit confidence in Christ and in his words. Multitudes there are who turn to him and find comfort in sorrow and heart-ease from the worries that fret and anxieties that annoy and despondencies that destroy our peace. "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us" is the yearning cry of Philip, which we, in our human blindness and weakness repeat with trembling lips. It is only as we find in Christ the revelation of the Father, and receive the Spirit into our hearts crying Abba-Father, that we come to know the peace of God that passeth all understanding. This is the divine remedy for worry.

With gentle deeds and kindly thoughts,

And loving words withal,

Welcome the merry Christmas in,

And hear a brothers call.

—F. Lawrence.

THE BIBLE SCHOOL

Lesson 12

The Birth of Christ

Dec. 20

CHRISTMAS LESSON.

Committ vs. 10-11. (Read Isa. 7:14-16; 9:1-6.)

GOLDEN TEXT: Matt. 1:21. *Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.*

LESSON: Matt. 2:1-12.

INTRODUCTION.

Matthew and Luke are the only gospels which touch upon the birth of Jesus, and practically our only sources of information about his childhood. It is easy to over-emphasize the difficulties involved in these accounts and the difference between them. It is easy also to over-estimate the importance of the infancy narrative themselves. The fact that neither they nor the incidents they tell of are mentioned elsewhere in the New Testament indicate that the faith of the early church was not founded upon them. Our belief in Jesus as the Savior of the world rests, not upon the manner of his birth, but upon his character, his teachings and his works.

The time of Jesus' birth is not known. It was about four years before the time formerly accepted and used as the starting point of the Christian era. We have no means whatever of knowing the day of his birth. We celebrate his birth at Christmas for a number of reasons: tradition, the occurrence of older festivals at that time, and a few uncertain arguments in favor of the last of the year as the time.

But we could ill afford to neglect the accounts which we have of Jesus' birth. They throw light upon his public ministry, they illustrate the providence of God, and for centuries they have kindled the imagination and warmed the heart of Christendom. Jesus was born in the fullness of time. The Roman world had established peace, the Greek world had created its language and its philosophy, the Jewish world had done its utmost in obedience of a written law. Paganism and Judaism alike stood in need of the Savior. He came in obscurity and yet with divinity.

The lesson narrates the visit of the magi, or the wise men from the east. Precisely whom the magi were is not known. Neither do we know, beyond the statement that it was connected with an unusual appearance of a star or of the stars, what particular astronomical event led them to go to Jerusalem. The whole story is in keeping with the times, and Herod's actions in keeping with what we know of that king. The most powerful man in the east, he had been upon the throne for more than thirty years, was tortured with diseases and had become morbidly jealous and bloodthirsty.

EXPOSITION.

I. The Journey of the Wise Men (1-2).

(1) *Jesus*.—The human name of our Lord, meaning Savior. *Bethlehem*.—A town six miles south of Jerusalem, the ancient home of David's family. *Herod the king*.—Herod the Great, the first of the kings of the name. A man of fierce and cruel nature, but a great builder. *Wise men*.—Sages or magi, who consulted the stars and were learned in the knowledge of the age. *The East*.—The farther regions of Asia, perhaps India. Tradition held that there were three of these wise men, a Greek, an Egyptian and a man from India. (2) *Where is he?*—They were searching for a child who had been predicted and whose birthplace they were anxious to find. *His star*.—A common belief of the age was that remarkable events or persons were heralded by brilliant stars; perhaps a meteor or some conjunction of the planets will account for the facts in this case. *Worship him*.—Pay him reverence as worthy of gifts and honors. Such visits were made to the cradles of princes.

II. The Inquiry of Herod (3-8).

(3) *These things*.—The report that the magi were seeking a child who was to be king. *Was troubled*.—He feared that his own position as king would be endangered by the appearance of another person claiming that title. *All Jerusalem*.—The city was troubled, too, because the people knew that any struggle between two rivals for the throne would bring bloodshed to the city. (4) *Priests and scribes*.—The religious leaders who would be supposed to know the prophecies of the Old Testament. *Where the Christ should be born*.—The Christ or Messiah was the deliverer long expected by the Jewish people, and the strange journey of the wise men, combined with the strong popular expectation that he was soon to come, made Herod fearful that he himself would be dethroned. His present effort was to discover where the child was and put him out of the way. (5) *In Bethlehem*.—Any one who knew the Old Testament would be familiar with the promise of the prophet and the name of the place where the Messiah was to be born. *Written by the prophet*.—The passage is found in Micah 5:2. Micah lived about 725 B. C. (6) *Not the least*.—Bethlehem, though small, was of great importance among the towns of Judah. *Princes*.—Referring here to the position of certain towns as chief places in the tribe. *A governor*.—A ruler who shall have dominion, not like a king, but should really love and care for the people as a shepherd would care for his sheep. (7) *Privily called*.—He did

not wish to let the people know what his plans were, so he summoned the magi to a private audience. *What time*.—This would enable him to determine about the age of the child if, as was supposed, the star first appeared at the moment of his birth. (8) *Sent them*.—It was the intention of Herod to make the wise men spies to assist him in his effort to destroy the child. *Bring me word*.—They would need to return to Jerusalem on their way home and he could learn from them who the child was and where he was to be found. *Worship him also*.—Of course this was a falsehood, for Herod had no desire to worship the Messiah. Thus he deceived the wise men.

III. The Visit to the Infant Jesus (9-12).

(9) *Lo, the star*.—They had been guided by it on their journey, and now they must trust to its light until they found the child. *In the East*.—This refers to the country in which they first saw the star, not to its direction from them, for they had journeyed westward to reach Jerusalem. *Stood over*.—Pointing out in this way the place which they sought. (10) *They rejoiced*.—They saw in this appearance of the star and its resting the tokens of the divine guidance. (8) *Into the house*.—Jesus was born in a stable, owing to the lack of accommodations in the inn or hotel. Since that Joseph had removed Mary and her child into a house, where they were now living. Probably several months had passed since the shepherds came and found the child in the manger. *Mary his mother*.—She had received news from the angel that she was to become the mother of our Lord, and now rejoiced in the son whose coming was of such interest to Israel and the world. *Worshipped him*.—The wise men had reached the end of their journey at last. They found the child worthy of their adoration. *Gifts*.—These were fitting expressions of their reverence for the infant who was to be king, though they probably little understood what kind of a king he was to become. Their gifts were such as would be used for presents in the Orient, consisting of money and the spices that were most costly. (12) *Warned of God*.—It would not do to allow them to return to Herod with the report for which he was waiting. They therefore avoided Jerusalem and went to their own land by a different route. The scene of the wise men adoring the infant Jesus is a favorite one with the painters of all lands. Many famous pictures represent this incident.

APPLICATION TO PRESENT DAY LIFE.

Our lesson to-day treats of the great event toward which all things had been converging since the entrance of sin into the world. It was foreshadowed from the earliest times in the announcement of Jehovah to the temple of Eve, in the promises made to the patriarchs, in the types and shadows of the law and in the utterances of the prophets.

Though four centuries had disappeared through the door of time into the realms of eternity, since had been heard the audible voice of prophets foretelling the hopes of Israel, yet there were those who were listening with hearts full of faith to the voices of the past speaking of the coming Deliverer.

1 "Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea." This event was foretold by the prophet of God. Mic. 5:2. No wonder the Christ has found such royal place in the faith of the world, for we not only have his remarkable life and teaching, but holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, telling of his birth, his character, his work, his rejection, his persecution, his suffering, his death, his burial and his resurrection. Search the Scriptures as Jesus exhorted the Jews to do and Christ will appear in convincing clearness as the divine son of God and the Savior of the world.

2 "Wise men from the east came to Jerusalem saying, 'Where is he that is born king of the Jews. For we have seen his star in the east and have come to worship him?' The wonder is that to-day there are not more of the wise men and women of earth bowing before the king of kings. The wise men saw his star in the east but to-day we behold the dazzling blaze of the sun of righteousness in the moral and spiritual heavens. Through him as the light of the world Europe and America have been blessed with a Christian civilization, Japan is being rapidly transformed from a heathen to a Christian nation, the islands of the sea are no longer peopled by cannibals, but by men enlightened through Christ. The greatest leaders of men have acknowledged the uplifting power of Jesus in the national life.

Queen Victoria and George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Wm. E. Gladstone, have spoken of the blessing of the Bible to civilization, but Christ is the central figure of the Bible. Take Jesus out of the Scriptures and but a mere shell is left. Even Renan, the French skeptic, said: "Whatever may be the surprises of the future Jesus will never be surpassed; his worship will grow young without ceasing, his legend will call forth tears without end, his sufferings will melt the noblest hearts; all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus." The truly wise will ever seek Jesus.

3 "And when Herod heard it he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him." Herod was troubled for his own security. There are other Herods who are troubled and will be utterly confounded in the end. Those who are looking for worldly honor will find that all honor belongs to Christ. Those who are seeking wealth for satisfaction will finally discover that the earth with its fullness is his.

4 "Herod inquired of them where Christ should be born; and they said unto him in Bethlehem of Judea for thus it is written." The world is unconsciously inquiring for Christ. Worldly honor, worldly wealth and worldly companionships pass away, and the people are searching for that which abideth.

A Christmas Heritage

By Olla
Willard Laureston

The cruel wind came trumpeting straight from the glacial north and savagely swirled the snow about the streets, so that few dared venture abroad. But dire need had driven Arthur Tancray forth, and now he was faring home again heavy of heart. So fierce were the buffetings of the storm that finally, faint with fatigue, he was forced to stop a breathing while or so, only to press forward enheartened again, when from a near doorway flared the red flame of firelight as the door swung wide.

In a moment he was in the midst of warmth and light, gentle hands had helped him out of his great coat, and he was seated cozily close to the fire, a beloved figure hovering fondly near him. He dared not let his gaze linger upon that pale, sweet face so near his own, dreading the moment when those clear-visioned eyes would divine the ill-tidings he bore. Each pulse-beat seemed a stroke of doom—the wind shrilled a sudden fierce crescendo—he turned and den fierce crescendo—he turned and

"Marion!" he cried despairingly, "how can I tell you! All we feared has come upon us—our home is ours no longer. Monday the mortgage will be foreclosed."

He drew her closer, all of love's sweet incoherencies overflowing his lips. One tense, anguished moment—then she lifted her face, its pallor swept by tears, and the sweet voice thrilled with courage as she said:

"We will not—must not despair, Arthur. Heaven has been merciful to us—yes! though much hath been taken, much remains. Remember how God gave you back to me from the very arms of death—and oh! what can we not endure when we have each other and the darling children!"

"But, my dearest, it seems such a mockery of Fate—it is incredible—I cannot understand—it is all so unreal. I feel I must be dreaming—or mad! Christmas!—just one year ago, only one!—home and happiness and a goodly fortune ours—and to-night, penniless and homeless. Oh! when I think of the man whom I befriended and took into partnership—the man whom I trusted, and whose treachery has brought me to this—I could—" A soft, silencing hand stayed the further words.

"Leave vengeance unto heaven, Arthur. Retribution has already begun. The child he idolized, stricken with scarlet fever, now lies hopelessly blind. Think if it were Paul or Marjorie! Ah, my dearest! don't you know that he would gladly restore every dollar of that ill-gotten money, and sit penniless as we are to-night, if he could only bring back sight to those dear baby eyes?"

"What an angel you are, my wife! God knows I've tried hard to crush the bitterness out, but—to sit here with empty hands—Christmas Eve—not even a toy for the children's stockings—it—breaks my heart."

"Never mind me, papa!" broke in a clear, boyish treble from the doorway. "I know all about Santa Clause, and I wouldn't hang up a stocking anyway, 'cause I'm most a man—I'm past six—and men don't hang up stockings. But sister's only a baby—she's just three—and babies all believe Santa Claus comes down the chimney and puts things in

their stockings, so I was thinking about that when I went over to Mr. Harmon's to-day. You know, mamma, I have to go over there every day now, 'cause they're so lonesome since their little boy went away to play with the angels. And mamma, I don't think he ought to stay away like that, when they miss him so. I'd run away from the angels and come back to my papa and mamma when they were crying about me. I see the tears in their eyes sometimes when they look at me, and then I talk awful fast and tell them about lots of things, so they'll forget about their little boy staying away and never coming back any more.

"While I was talking to-day, I saw a doll in the store that had gold hair and red cheeks just like baby-sister's, and I just couldn't help wanting it for her. So I asked Mr. Harmon if he didn't have some bundles to carry, or something for me to do, 'cause I wanted to buy that doll for my sister, and he laughed and said he was real glad I spoke about it, for he did want to send some things right away to some people in the neighborhood.

"But mamma, they were the littlest bundles, and I'd told him I was awful strong, too, and I didn't have to go far at all, but when I got back, Mr. Harmon said I'd been such a help to him and he gave me the doll and a top, too—and, oh, mamma, the doll shuts her eyes and the top plays music."

The boy was palpitant with rapture as he laid his precious possessions in his mother's lap, and when the father and mother had noted with due wonderment the doll's phenomenal performance, and had listened with rapt intentness to the marvelous music of the top, the boy ran radiantly from the room to hide the dollie before his sister waked.

When the door had closed behind the bonny figure, two hands were clasped in the tense silence and the eyes that sought each other were luminous with tears.

* * *

The children prattled so gaily and played so prettily that night that the parents' faces caught a gladsome glow, and their pulses began to beat time to a happier measure. Never had the children's laughter seemed so silver-sweet, and when the chimes rang resonantly the hour of nine, the mother's startled eyes sought swiftly the clock, lingered a moment there, then swept upwards to the pictured face above—a face courtly, cultured, and noble, sunned over with graciousness. The husband's sympathetic ear caught the soft sigh that involuntarily escaped her lips, and his eyes followed hers.

"Marion," he said musingly, laying his hand tenderly over hers, "a strange thing happened yesterday. I was sitting here pondering our financial problem and naturally my thoughts trended to grandfather and the promised will. I lifted my eyes to his picture and instantly there came to me like an inspiration, an absolute conviction that a will had been made, and the picture held the secret. Strange still, I was seized by an impulse so powerful, so overmastering to search the picture that I had to take a firm grip on my chair to be able to resist it; and as you know, I cannot even now look at the picture without the same impulse

taking possession of me. Isn't it strange, Marion?"

"No stranger than my dream, Arthur. There is something mysterious in many happenings of late; yet they may be only the result of our thinking so much of grandfather's will. Dear old grandfather! how happy he was with us!—and if it had not been for that stroke of apoplexy, the will would have been made and comfort would have been ours the rest of our days, despite your partner's perfidy. But my dearest, 'God's in his heaven,' all will yet be well."

"Mamma," said a sleepy, little voice, "has, oo dot baby's stockin? Santa's tumin' to-night."

The mother stooped and caught the little figure up in her arms, showering kisses on the rosy face and golden curls. Then the baby's stocking was hung with due ceremony, and they went trooping joyously out into the hall, Paul gleefully stealing back to slip the doll into baby's stocking.

As they went up the stair, the smile died from the mother's lips, for every step seemed to echo hollowly, Monday! Monday!—that fateful day when their home would be home no more. Never before did the old familiar things seem so dear, and as she crossed the threshold of the room that had been hers since childhood's happy days, she could have flung herself on her knees and kissed the very sill of the old doorway. How the wind wailed!—a fitting requiem for the days forever fled.

But the children!—what sprites of mirth they were to-night! Sleep was far from the eyes of the pranksome elves, and at last Paul must needs loosen his mother's tresses that they might gather the gold in their dimpled hands. But at last the prayers were said at the mother's knee, and the children were tucked snugly in their dainty beds with a fond good-night kiss.

Silence fell upon the room, while without the wind fled fast and furious through the night like some wild, woe-ful ghost.

* * *

"Mamma!" It was scarce more than a whisper stirred the silence, but the mother's love-attuned ear, caught the baby tone, and in an instant she was smiling down into Marjorie's violet eyes.

"Sumfin waked baby, mamma. Won't oo sing her to seep again?"

With a soft, little coo of delicious content, she nestled down in her mother's arms, waiting the sweet low lulling tones to sing the way to Slumbertown.

"Pilgrim, you've come to the ivory gate, Visions enchanting your coming awalt, Daisies and violets smile from the grass, Fire-flies and fairies in dazzlement pass.

"Journey you on till Dawn bridges the way,

Leading from star-shine to aureate day, Angela will guard you with pinions of light—

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, baby, good-night."

The voice sighed into silence. Twelve! The bells boomed solemnly across the storm-swept spaces of the night a resonant reminder of the hour.

Suddenly down the big cavernous chimney the wind shrilled a wild alarm. Out from the wall in the room below, Grandfather's picture swung and from it a paper winged its white way down, into baby's stocking; while in the room

above the mother, kneeling to lay a light kiss on the sleeping baby's cheek, beheld in wonderment the dream-charmed eyes flare wide, and heard the baby-lips murmur happily:

"Mamma, Santa Claus looks just like grandpa. I saw him put sumfin in baby's stocking."

Over the violet eyes the white lids fell, and the mother's heart thrilled with a sense of awesome mystery. There was a sudden deep lull in the wind outside and over the sibilant surge of the storm there fell a wondrous calm.

* * *

Christmas morning! The storm had passed like a dream, the sun was daz- zling, the snow-veiled earth was one vast, white splendor.

Paul opening eager, expectant eyes, caught a glimpse of his mother's gown vanishing through the doorway, but she did not escape him, for he raced merrily after her. Marjorie, too, came toddling forth, so the mother laughingly yielded to their entreaties and returned to the room. Then what a fine splashing of water there was and a hurried donning of garments!

Paul fairly danced with delight as they went down the stair, and when they entered the room and Marjorie caught sight of her stocking and began to run toward it as fast as her tiny feet would carry her, he clapped his hands excitedly and let out a shout that made the walls ring.

Breathlessly he watched the baby-hand drawn forth from the precious stocking. A cry of amazement broke from his lips—the little fingers held no doll—only a paper long and slim. What could it mean!

Over the baby face crept a puzzled look. She turned wonderingly to her mother: "Mamma, see w'at a queer fling Santa Claus bringed baby."

The mother, mystified, took the envelope from the outstretched baby hand and glanced at the writing thereon. In a moment the envelope lay at her feet and she was gazing with wild incredulous eyes at the document before her.

"Last Will and Testament." Those could not be the words staring up at her—no! the dream again!—it could not be true!—she would wake presently. She lifted one hesitant, trembling hand to her eyes, then looked at the fateful words once again.

A cry of rapture rang through the room. "It is true! It is true! Arthur!—the will!—the will!" and flung herself upon her husband's breast.

He held her closely to him in an agony of apprehension, a murmurous rush of endearing words overflowing his lips. The rose came back at last to her cheek, and she drew herself lingeringly from his arms. Then with a face sublimed with joy, she laid the precious paper in his hand and kneeling, gathered her children in her arms.

The husband swept the page at a glance, and turning adoring eyes upon his loved ones, sank to his knees beside them.

Seven! Each stroke of the bell seemed a joy-peal as they rose to their feet and the wife lifting sweet solemn eyes to the beloved Grandfather's picture, said tenderly and reverently, as if he were leaning from the world of silence to hear:

"Dearest Grandfather! Baby's eyes saw clearer than ours. I know and under-

stand—your spirit must have hovered over us last night, that joy might be ours this morning, and oh, Grandfather dear! I cannot feel that you are gone—it seems as if you were near as in the olden days, and knew all our happiness and our love for you."

A sudden dazzling shaft of sunlight darted in at the window, flashed like a smile over the pictured face and—was gone.

"Mamma!" called Marjorie excitedly, "sumfin else in baby's stockin!" and in an ecstasy of joy she held up her doll.

Paul was in a delirium of delight, and in the midst of their transports there came a rousing peal at the bell.

"With Mr. Harmon's compliments, mum," said the grinning grocer's boy at the door, lugging a huge basket, "and he hopes as you'll have a merry Christmas."

To the eager children it seemed an age before the wrappings of that basket were removed and the contents revealed.

"A turkey!" shouted Paul, and sure enough there was a big turkey and a ham, too, and cakes, and candies, and fruit—oh! what wasn't there in that wonderful basket!

Marjorie straightway began to feed her dollie candy, much to the detriment of its countenance, and Paul was investigating with wild enthusiasm a package of Ro-

man candles and fire crackers he had discovered, when further search revealed in the bottom of the basket a splendid plum pudding to which was attached a note addressed to Mrs. Arthur Tancray. Opening it she read:

My Dear Mrs. Tancray:

On Christmas morning your dear old grandfather used to send my wife a plum pudding made after the famous recipe which had been in the family a hundred years. He also gave her a copy of that recipe, and from that copy she made this pudding, which she sends you in memory of the olden days, wishing you and your family a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your sincere friend,

William Harmon.

A soft sigh of supreme happiness drifted over her lips with the final word and she turned to her husband with outstretched hands.

"God's in his heaven—"

All's right with the world," she murmured reverently and as they stood there hand-clasped, with faces transfigured to rapture—suddenly the air seemed one great, golden splendor of sound with the music of the bells—the bells that were pealing forth the glad and glorious message of Christmas, "peace on earth, good will toward men."

HOME AND THE CHILDREN

A Christmas Day.

In Three Parts.

Slim scarlet stockings all hung up in rows,

Babies all breathless on tips of wee toes,
Watching for Santa as everyone knows,
While darker and darker and darker it grows,

All on the night before Christmas.

Plump scarlet stockings all bunches and ribs,

Babies all sleeping tucked up in their cribs,

Dreaming of dollies in aprons with bibs,
Of ships in full sail with the jauntiest jibs,

All on the night before Christmas.

Limp scarlet stockings all turned inside out,

Babies all barefooted bobbing about,
Real little dollies and boats—such a shout—

Santa has been here and gone, there's no doubt,

All on the night before Christmas.

—Alice E. Allen.

A Child's Christmas Planning.

Where there are children in the family the elders are often so absorbed in the Christmas preparations for them, in plans for trees and frolics, in talk of Santa Claus and the expected gifts that the danger is in not allowing the little ones to share the preliminary joy of giving. Of course we mean to begin to encourage generosity in them as soon as they are old enough to make things, or to earn pennies for gifts. But why wait so long? Even very little ones may have the happiness of spending money and planning gifts. They have ideas of their

own, too, as to appropriateness. In a private letter from a father we find this illustrated. He writes about his little girl of three: "She has been given twenty-five pennies with which to buy presents for her friends, at one cent each. She has secured most of them and has amused us much by her selections. She was confident that nothing would please her grandfather as much as a lump of sugar, so she purchased one cent's worth at the grocer's and kept it in her drawer until the family package was ready to send." All this must mean a great deal of bother to the parents, but it is worth while. Their child is looking forward to Christmas as the day when her gifts can be presented. She has the true Christmas spirit far more so than the children whose only association with the time is of bulging stockings and a crowd of presents for their own enjoyment.

Unto Us a Son is Given.

Given, not lent,
And not withdrawn—once sent—
This Infant of mankind, this One,
Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year,
New-born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long.

Even as the cold
Keen winter grows not old;
As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,
And spring in the familiar green;

Sudden as sweet
Come the expected feet.
All joy is young, and new all art,
And He, too, Whom we have by heart.

— Alice Meynell.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE LITTLE BROTHER.

By Frances Margaret Fox.

It was a queer looking envelope, crumpled, soiled and addressed to Santa Claus at the North Pole. The postmaster frowned as he tossed it into the waste basket. "Such nonsense!" he grumbled under his breath. Then he locked the mail bag, threw it over his shoulder and strode forth into the storm.

His wife, who was left in charge of the little store, watched him go down the hill to the station and waited to hear the train whistle. There was nothing to be seen from the window near which she sat, but snow and pine woods; snow, pine woods and the railroad track—a dreary scene. Suddenly a face appeared at the window—a sad, pinched face, framed by frosty hands; another moment and the face gone from the window appeared in the doorway.

"Come in out of the cold, Ollie, come in and shut the door," said the postmaster's wife.

"May I?" asked the boy, hesitating on the threshold.

"Why, you dear child, certainly! Come in and get warm."

Ollie loved the postmaster's wife, and to think she had said "Dear child!" to him. He closed the door softly, seated himself on a box behind the stove and gazed upon her with a world of admiration in his eyes, that is, he did so except when she glanced his way, and then he studied the waste basket. She had scarcely spoken to him before, the postmaster's lovely bride—the only pretty woman in all that rough country. Often and often Ollie had hidden behind stumps and trees just to watch her picking flowers and to hear her singing softly to herself as she wandered through the woods. He almost believed that the postmaster must have brought her down to earth from the gates of Heaven—poor Ollie—in spite of the fact that he was one of the crowd who welcomed her at the train that day in June when the postmaster brought her home.

Perhaps that same June morning seemed part of the long ago to the postmaster's wife as she sat waiting to hear the train whistle and almost forgetting Ollie the outcast, behind the stove. The child coughed; a little hacking cough that he tried to smother. The postmaster's wife looked at him; he, poor child, promptly turned his attention toward the waste basket, pretending that he had not been staring at her, and that it was his cough made his face grow red. She was about to speak, when Ollie, with a low cry, sprang toward the waste basket and grasped something which he hid inside his ragged coat while tears of misery rolled down his cheeks. Such an expression of despair the postmaster's wife had never seen on a child's face. Her arms were about him in a moment.

"Why, Ollie, my poor child, what is the trouble? tell me, Ollie, tell me!" The train whistled. "Tell me quickly little boy, before any one comes in the store!"

Trying his best to stop crying, Ollie drew forth the letter the postmaster had cast aside.

"It is mine," sobbed the child. "Big Hank's wife gave me the stamp to put on it. I thought it was in the mail bag and would go on this train—but he threw it away, he threw it away! How could

the postmaster know that was my letter and that he could throw it away if he wanted to! Oh, my! Oh my!"

Ollie slipped through the protecting arms to the floor; a little heap of misery.

"Don't cry, Ollie, don't cry!" begged the postmaster's wife, a world of pity in the very touch of her fingers upon the curly head.

"Oh, but what is the use of trying to be good and trying to be brave!" wailed the child. "God doesn't hear your prayers and you can't even send a letter to Santa Claus when you've got a stamp! Oh, dear, oh dear!"

"Listen, Ollie," the postmaster's wife spoke rapidly. "Your letter must have been dropped into the waste basket by mistake. Now, listen, child. I will myself put it in the mail bag and it shall go north to-morrow afternoon. There is more than a week before Christmas, plenty of time yet for your letter to reach Santa Claus, and it shall reach him and you shall have an answer!"

"He's bringing the mail," whispered the child, struggling with his sobs and wiping his eyes on a thin bit of coat sleeve. Ollie, through long practice, knew how to hide his grief quickly. His voice was steady when he asked a few minutes later for the boarding house mail.

The greatest event of the day in that distant place was the arrival of the mail. An hour passed before the postmaster and his wife were alone. The man put more wood on the fire.

"A blustery day," he remarked.

"Yes, and lonesome," admitted his wife.

"Lonesome?" repeated the man, "I do not think so." Because his wife did think so he twisted his mustache and looked as though he would like to offer a word of comfort if he knew how. Failing in the attempt, he walked over to the candy case and began breaking tiny bits off the sticks of candy.

"What are you doing?" asked his wife when she could no longer restrain her curiosity. "What are you going to do with that pile of broken pieces?"

"Put 'em with the mixed candies," he said. "You see, candy's gone up and I can't afford to sell a whole stick for a cent."

The postmaster's wife turned away without a word further on the subject. Again she sought the window that faced the pine woods and the lonely track.

"Richard," she said at last, "what do you know about that little Ollie who lives at the boarding house? Are the folks there any relation to him? How does he happen to be so neglected?"

"Oh, that youngster was born in a lumber camp about ten miles from here. His father was threatened with consumption I believe and was sent up into the pine woods to be cured. He was kind of a quiet fellow and the boys in camp all liked him, they tell me. His wife helped cook in camp, but she was frail at the best, though they say she was a real lady; she never told who her folks were nor where either of them came from. At last the man was killed by a falling tree in the woods and she died when Ollie was born."

"Poor baby!" interrupted the postmaster's wife, actually crying.

"Yes, yes, said case," the man went on, "but its only one of a thousand. Plenty of sad stories in this part of the country if you look for them. Just learn to harden your heart, Hester, its the only

way to get along and make money." The candy case was closed with a snap that made the postmaster's wife shiver.

"Then what was done with the poor baby?" she asked.

"Cook's wife took care of him for a year or two and after that he drifted around from pillar to post."

"How does he happen to be at the boarding house?"

"Well, the man who runs the boarding house had a kind hearted mother, a pious old soul she was, and she took him in. While the old lady lived it was smooth sailing for the lad; but since she died, guess he's had a pretty tough time. You must have noticed how the young one tries to keep out of the way and never acts as though he dared to say his soul's his own."

"Do you mean, Richard, that any one could be cruel to such a delicate little child?"

The postmaster put his hand on his wife's shoulder in a clumsy fashion. "Now, don't go frettin' about what isn't any affair of yours, Hester," he advised. There was a touch of tenderness in the gruff tones.

"See here, Richard, it was that child's letter you threw away, and it was stamped, too!"

"Was it a good stamp?" asked the man. "I'd have soaked it off had I known that."

Again the wife turned away and looked down the track into the gathering darkness. "Richard," she faltered, "you remember my little brother?"

Oh yes, the postmaster remembered the little brother whom Hester had loved far dearer than she had ever loved him; the little brother she would not leave until his brief life of suffering was done.

"Well, Hester," said the man, "what of him?"

"Just this, Richard; he said to me that last day, 'Dearest sister, you have made me happy always. When I am gone, try and make other little boys happy for my sake.' I haven't done so, I thought I couldn't—the very sight of other little boys—oh, I have been selfish—I have missed him so! I could not look at other little boys—but this child, this Ollie, is so different, poor baby!"

"Don't Hester, don't." The postmaster lowered the shades, thinking to shut out the gloom. He lighted the lamps, frowning the while. Then he put his arms about his pretty wife and wondered what to say. He had never seen her cry since he brought her home.

"Perhaps I did wrong to expect you to be contented in this dreary place, Hester, its too lonesome for you. I should have known that the winter—"

"No, no, Richard, but this little boy—this Ollie, may I be his Santa Claus?"

It was such a relief for the postmaster to see his wife smiling through her tears that he made a rash promise.

"It isn't likely that he has asked for much, and whatever you wish to give him, why, give him. Let's open the letter and find out what the lad wants." So they opened the letter.

"Dear Santa Claus," it read, "if anybody asks you for a little boy and you happen to be out of boys, please give them me. I want to belong to a pretty woman if you know of one you can give me to. I won't be afraid to go down a chimney. Good-bye, from Oliver."

"We'll take him, Richard—I don't mean adopt him—don't look so frightened—but

surely we can give that poor little wail a home!" announced the only pretty woman Ollie had ever seen.

The appearance of dismay on the postmaster's face was comical in the extreme. "The expense, Hester, the expense!" he gasped. "Oh no, we can't afford to take a growing boy!"

Ollie waited two days before he began inquiring if there was a letter in the post-office for him. When the postmaster replied to his question, he was cross and frowned. His wife smiled and though the tears sometimes sprang to her eyes when speaking to the child, she always told him to have patience.

On Christmas morning the letter from Santa Claus came. The postmaster himself handed Ollie a big envelope, sealed with many seals.

"May I open it here, please?" asked the child, then trembled and grew so white the man in sheer pity gathered him up in his strong arms and carried him into the sitting room.

"Better read it here," said he, placing Ollie in a small rocking chair that seemed made for him. "My wife and Santa Claus are old-time friends. I know she expects to hear the letter."

"My Dear Oliver," it began. "This is a man's writing sure enough," exclaimed the child. "Oh, you read it, please, Mr. Postmaster, I can't make it out."

"Very well, toss her over," replied the man, and even he noticed that the child had beautiful eyes, eyes a trifle like Hester's. "It is wretched writing," he admitted, "but here goes." "My Dear Oliver: Couldn't make up my mind what to do with you, but I've decided to give you to a lovely woman who needs a little brother. Her husband is a gruff sort of a fellow but he means well. I have sent everything you will need down their chimney; plenty of new clothes, pretty things for your little bed room, even a fancy plate and cup and saucer for you to use at the table. You will find books and games and everything to make a little boy happy, ready and waiting for you. If you are not pleased, do not blame old Santa Claus."

"Well, sonny, you must be intended for us," continued the postmaster, "because we have everything here for a boy just your size. Now, Hester, what do you think of Santa Claus' letter?"

"It is better than I could have done myself," laughed the postmaster's wife—"only he forgot to wish us a merry Christmas—the scamp."

What Christmas-tide Brings to Chicago Trollers.

One snowy December night, the writer was returning home from the Auditorium in Chicago, after listening to a noble rendering of the "Messiah," the lovely musical beginning of the holiday pleasures. The oratorio had been long, there had been delays, and it was nearly eleven o'clock when the cars turned the corner at Adams street to go west and south. There were the usual grip car and two trailers of the cable train still used on the streets of Chicago. All were quite empty when they stopped. When they started again, all were crowded with children and half grown girls from the great department stores. Many of the children could not get into the cars, but stood huddled on the platform and the grip-car, exposed to the falling snow after their long day in the overheated

air of the stores. Some of the little girls who found seats fell asleep at once; others clung to straps, laughing or crying hysterically. All had gone to work in the early morning, all expected to return to work—some at seven o'clock the next morning, others at eight.

The writer and her companion were the only adult passenger, and, when they left the car at Hull House the wretched, weary children continued their journey with only the gripman and conductor. Some of them would go to the end of the car line, and then stumble wearily through the deep snow and the winter midnight far across the prairie to their homes. None traveled less than two miles from the place of employment which they left at nearly eleven o'clock. Pitiful was the contrast between the lovely welcome sung at the Auditorium in commemoration of the coming of the Holy Child, and this torturing over-fatigue of the children who had come to this world and were finding a most bitter welcome.

Is it not incredible that cruelties such as these, to which boys and girls are subjected year after year, should be practiced by Christian people engaged in the celebration of the festival which commemorates the coming of the Holy Child.

Many of the children who work in the stores are of Jewish parentage and Jewish faith. They, too, suffer overwork, fatigue, exhaustion and sometimes illness and death, by reason of the manner in which Christians celebrate the coming of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and (this the children working at Christmas see least of all among their customers) "Love one another."

So shall we learn to understand

The simple faith of shepherd, then,
And, kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

—Lowell.

Happenings on Christmas Days.

Christmas was first celebrated in the year 98, but it was forty years later before it was officially adopted as a Christian festival; nor was it until about the fifth century that the day of its celebration became permanently fixed on Dec. 25. Up to that time it had been irregularly observed at various times of the year—in December, in April and in May, but most frequently in January.

Clovis, the first Christian King of France, was baptized on Christmas day, 496.

Gilles de Retz of France, the original "Bluebeard," was executed on Christmas day, 1440, in atonement for a multitude of crimes, which included the killing of six wives, from which the popular nursery story is derived.

The Pilgrim Fathers, who condemned all church festivals, spent their first Christmas in America working hard all day long, amid cold and stormy weather, and commenced the building of the first house in Plymouth, 1620.

It is a significant fact that no great battles were fought on Christmas day. They have occurred on the 24th and 26th of December, but the anniversary of the advent of Peace on Earth has ever been observed by a cessation of hostilities.

In history Christmas has been a very remarkable day. It was on Christmas

day that Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire in the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle.

On Christmas day, in the year 1066, William the Conqueror was crowned king of England in Westminster Abbey.

For Queen Victoria Christmas was a fateful day. It was on Christmas morning in 1838 that her engagement to Prince Albert was announced. It was to spend Christmas at Osborne as a heart-broken widow that she went twenty-three years later.

Christmas, where snow peaks stand solemn and white.

—Phillips Brooks.

Slander is always most dirty at the handle.

* * *

Blows from the bellows of ridicule leave no bruises.

* * *

The best cure of a bad habit is the culture of a good one.

* * *

The man who has time to burn has to borrow a match to start it.

* * *

The best way to bury your sorrows is to get your sympathies busy.

* * *

The man who needs a place should look for the place that needs him.

Pastor A. R. Poe, Stockton, Kan., reports a four weeks' meeting closed with 15 accessions, 6 confessions. The work of Evangelist Hill and wife is highly commended.

ABOUT FEAR

Often Comes From Lack of Right Food

Napoleon said that the best fed soldiers were his best soldiers, for fear and nervousness come quickly when the stomach is not nourished. Nervous fear is a sure sign that the body is not supplied with the right food.

A Connecticut lady says: "For many years I had been a sufferer from indigestion and heart trouble and in almost constant fear of sudden death, the most acute suffering possible. Dieting brought on weakness, emaciation and nervous exhaustion and I was a complete wreck physically and almost a wreck mentally."

"I tried many foods but could not avoid the terrible nausea followed by vomiting that came after eating until I tried Grape-Nuts. This food agreed with my palate and stomach from the start. This was about a year ago. Steadily and surely a change from sickness to health came until now I have no symptoms of dyspepsia and can walk 10 miles a day without being greatly fatigued. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began the use of Grape-Nuts and people say I look many years younger than I really am."

"My poor old sick body has been made over and I feel as though my head has been too. Life is worth living now and I expect to enjoy it for many years to come if I can keep away from bad foods and have Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

The Christian Century

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Articles for publication should not exceed one
thousand words and should be in our office one
week previous to date of paper in which they
are to appear. News letters should be con-
densed as much as possible. News items are
solicited and should be sent in promptly.

NEWS AND NOTES

W. E. Grey, recently of Dewese, Neb.,
has located at Thayer, Mo.

W. E. M. Hackleman is at Kokomo,
Ind., for a few weeks' engagement.

L. H. Stine lectured to men Sunday,
Dec. 6, on "The Young Carpenter of
Nazareth."

Howard Cramblett and family passed
through the city en route to Mansfield,
O., where he has taken the work.

H. Jas. Crockett, Adel, Ia., reports one
by letter and \$200 raised last Sunday
to pay off indebtedness on building.

The Board of Church Extension is in
receipt of its 95th annuity gift in the
amount of \$100 from a friend in Cali-
fornia.

Nelson G. Brown of Marion, Ia., is as-
sisting S. J. Carter in a meeting at Man-
hattan, Kan. The outlook is for a good
meeting.

b. S. Ferrall, Buffalo, N. Y., reports
one addition. Sunday school is preparing
to give instead of receiving presents the
coming Christmas.

If the person who wrote to Prof. Wil-
lett, signing his name R. Beckette, will
send his address he will receive a reply
to his communication.

The church at Lindenwood, Ill., of
which Dr. O. T. Morgan is pastor, has
just completed a parsonage. On Thanks-
giving day there was a public dinner in
celebration of the event.

H. S. Earle of Irvington, Ind., gives
\$500 to aid in the establishment of a
Bible College in India. He was the first
missionary of the Foreign Society. He
was in its employ for seventeen years.

Harry E. Tucker, who has been recent-
ly called to the work at Chicago Heights,
made a pleasant call last week. Bro.
Tucker is getting the work well in hand

and we may look for a strong self-sustain-
ing church in a few years.

Angus McKinnon, at one time business
manager of the Christian Century, was in
the city last week on business. Mr. Mc-
Kinnon is now president of the American
Trust and Investment Company of Des
Moines, Ia.

Last week the Foreign Society re-
ceived another gift of \$500 on the annuity
plan. This makes \$7,500 during the month
of November. F. M. Rains, Cor. Sec.,
Cincinnati, O., will answer any questions
concerning the plan.

Brother and Sister G. W. Miller of
Viola, Ill., when sending in their renewal
to the paper write: "We wish the Chris-
tian Century a merry Christmas and a
happy and successful New Year."

A. L. Ferguson, Cuba, Ill., is in a
meeting assisted by Prof. C. E. Millard,
who "gave" the Holy City to a large
audience—pictures and song were very
impressive. This will be Bro. Millard's
address for the next two weeks.

R. A. Eubank, Sr., a venerable devout
Disciple of Missouri, has just given our
National Benevolent Association \$2,500
on the annuity plan. Geo. L. Snively will
promptly answer all inquiries concerning
all methods of helping the helpless hun-
dreds dependent on this society.

The American Christian Missionary
Society has recently received \$500 on
the annuity plan, making \$3,950 since
the beginning of the new missionary
year. For particulars on the annuity plan,
write for booklet to Benjamin L. Smith,
Cor. Sec'y, Y. M. C. A. Building, Cincin-
nati, Ohio.

E. L. Coons has resigned his work at
Mt. Pleasant, Ia., on account of increased
business relations. Bro. Coons has done
excellent work. There have been 150 ad-
ditions in the four years and all indebt-
edness paid off. The church has raised
money to locate a pastor. Bro. Dunkle-
berger of Wappelo filled the pulpit last
Sunday.

J. M. Monroe, corresponding secretary
of Oklahoma, in reporting work done un-
der state and national boards, says: I
organized a church at Agra, of 35 mem-
bers. Secured lots one block from cen-
ter of town. During the month built the
church. Agra is a live, promising town
on the new M. R. & T. extension north-
east from Oklahoma City.

Geo. L. Snively of our National Benevo-
lent Association reports these recent
benefactions: R. A. Long, gift \$100; J.
B. Ellis, annuity \$100; Elizabeth Caton,
annuity \$500. More than 300 poor are
dependent on this association for daily
bread and care in its orphanages, old
people's homes, and its free hospital.
Let all who can have fellowship in this
ministry.

W. R. D. Winters, new missionary un-
der the American Christian Missionary
Society at the Fulton Avenue Church,
Baltimore, Md., reports: "Our house is
crowded and on Sunday nights we have
especially good audiences. Good spiri-
tual services in the mornings. We have
from 50 to 75 at our mid-week prayer
meetings. Good interest. Especially a
people of prayer, have from 25 to 35
responses in sentence prayers every
Wednesday night. A good choir of 25
voices, regular instruction."

C. S. Paine, Omaha, Neb., writes: De-
Forest Austin of Bethany, Neb., is hold-
ing an evangelistic meeting at North Side
church. We have been without a pastor
for some time and were much in need of

just such consecrated work as Bro. Aus-
tin is doing. He is one of our young evan-
gelists, but is unexcelled in his methods
of reaching the people. Our field at the
North Side is a hard one owing to exist-
ing local conditions, but Bro. Austin has
inspired an interest in the entire com-
munity. The meeting is in its third
week and a well filled house greets him
at every service. Untold good will re-
sult from this meeting. H. J. Kirschstein
of Hastings, Neb., comes to us as pastor
the last of the month and will find our
people full of enthusiasm owing to Bro.
Austin's work.

Last week the Board of Church Exten-
sion received a straight gift of \$500 from
Sister Rebecca Long of Iowa. E. F. Bog-
gess, of Cherokee Strip fame, and J. D.
Corbitt, her minister, had much to do
in securing this gift. The main appeal
made to her was the homeless condition
of nearly 2,500 of our mission churches.
This is what her pastor said induced her
to give the money. This sister is past
three score years and ten and is so
crippled with rheumatism that she can
only get to church about once in two
weeks. It was a real sacrifice for her
to give this money but she did it because
she felt the need of the homeless
churches. Many others should imitate
Sister Long and send special gifts to
Church Extension. At the last board
meeting only eleven loans were granted
and these were all small amounts but
one. Forty churches in Oklahoma and
twenty in the Indian Territory have
asked help during the next three months.
There are yet many applications on file
that have not yet been granted and there
are more than 8,000 churches in our
brotherhood that have not yet responded
to the September offering. Many
churches that promised to take a collec-
tion have not yet sent in their offerings.
It is hoped the matter will be attended
to before the close of 1903. Remit to
G. W. Muckley, Cor. Sec., 600 Water
Works Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

A SURE TEST

Of Whether Coffee Really Hurts or Not.

Some folks drink coffee and suffer
day after day but console themselves by
saying "I don't believe it hurts me or
at any rate I am not sure that it does."

The sensible thing to do is to make
sure by leaving off coffee and using Pos-
tum for a week or so. The trial is
pleasant and you may learn something
worth more than money to you in the
way of health and strength.

An intelligent woman who valued her
health and comfort made sure. She says:
"I have proved positively that when I
used coffee I had kidney and bladder
trouble, palpitation of the heart, stomach
trouble, insomnia and my complexion
was sallow and muddy, but I got rid of
all these troubles when I quit coffee and
took on Postum Food Coffee. All my
troubles disappeared quickly, almost as
if by magic, and in their place I became
strong and well."

"I soon learned to like Postum as well
as I ever liked coffee and I would not
exchange my delicious cup of Postum for
coffee and sickness for anything in the
world." Name given by Postum Co.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the
famous little book, "The Road to Well-
ville."

THE OLD RELIABLE



**Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

The Christian Century Travel Culture club is of interest to all who are contemplating a European or Oriental trip. Don't fail to read the statement in the current issue.

The South Broadway church had Ebenezer day on Dec. 6. It was a time of great rejoicing. A great work has been accomplished under Dr. B. B. Tyler's ministration.

W. B. Taylor reports the work at Ionia in a prosperous condition. There are additions almost every week, seven last Sunday. They have \$927 to their credit on the Belding church.

N. M. Ragland, Fayetteville, Ark., preached the eighteenth anniversary service of the First Christian church Sunday, Nov. 22. This is the seat of the State University. There is a plan on foot to establish a Bible Chair at this place.

R. H. Sawyer, Missoula, Mont., preached the union Thanksgiving sermon at Anaconda. By request Bro. Sawyer preached in his own pulpit on the supposed conflict between science and religion. The work is prospering under his able ministry.

W. A. Streator, Waldron, Ark., writes: We have a good church property. Resident ministers, W. H. Bryan, G. P. Young, J. W. Bratcher and W. A. Streator. The church has called J. F. Powers of Centropolis, Kan., who will take charge. This is a good field for mission work and in which to secure good, cheap homes.

The Evangelical and Biblical Association was organized about a year ago. Its purpose is evangelization along union lines giving emphasis to the place and importance of New Testament teaching in modern life. The work will be carried on by colporteur-evangelists who will make a house to house canvass, confining the labors for the present to the smaller towns and country community.

L. H. Stine, Lawrenceville, Ill., writes: We closed a successful meeting November 23, with twenty additions. The church is delighted with the meeting. Wm. Oeschger, the minister of the Vincennes church, did the preaching. Bro. Oeschger combines the fervor of evangelism with the culture of scholarship. He is intellectual, earnest, dignified, and without apology, he preaches the simple gospel with enthusiasm.

Evangelistic Notes.

David H. Shields, Salina, Kan., reports 27 additions at regular services.

A. R. Hunt, Savannah, Mo., reports additions. B. F. Hill of Plattsburg did the preaching.

E. H. Williamson, Butler, Mo., reports 3 added. Since January 11, 114. All departments in a prosperous condition.

T. A. Emerson, Asherville, Kan., has closed a meeting at the Fair View church with six additions, three by confession.

Warrensburg, Mo.—Wilson and McVay meeting has closed with 167 additions, 106 confessions. A great meeting in every way. H. A. Denton, pastor.

Additions reported last two weeks: Baptisms, 1,457, 2,416; letter and statement, 372, 510; denominations, 82, 169; total, 1,911, 3,095. M. L. Buckley.

Meeting at Dodge City, Kan., continues with increasing interest. Seven added and a serious difficulty adjusted. Noblitt evangelist, S. S. McGill, pastor.

W. D. Trumbull, New Castle, Pa., closed a meeting with 22 accessions, making 54 since beginning last April. Good interest. J. A. Joyce of Keesport sang.

S. D. Dutcher, Oklahoma City, O. T., have recently closed a four weeks' meeting with J. T. Ogle at Guthrie with 65 additions. Bro. Ogle has done a fine work and is highly esteemed by the people of Guthrie.

J. H. Smart, Waukegan, Ill., has just closed a short meeting with eight accessions, two confessions. This makes 24 additions since Bro. Smart took the work. The plan is to resume the meeting after holidays.

G. W. Wise, Rochester, Minn., is in a meeting at Pleasant Grove, five added first week. Meeting continues with good interest. Planning to begin a meeting at Rochester with Evangelist J. H. Bickwell, about January 1.

Singing Evangelist Guy B. Williamson and wife are assisting Pastor E. A. Cary at La Fayette, Ill., in a meeting. Two confessions to date. Brother and Sister Williamson can be secured for a meeting in January. Address Waverly, Ill.

Springfield, Mo.—Pastor D. W. Moore reports 101 additions in the meeting just closed. W. T. Brooks of Ladoga, Ind., and his brother Arthur make a strong evangelistic team. Their work is highly commended. This makes over 230 additions during 1903.

The North Side Church, Kansas City, Kan., has had a good meeting with Evangelist R. A. Omer. There were 52 accessions instead of 25, as reported last. The meeting is being continued by home forces. Evangelists Omer and Sprague are now at Maryville, Mo., with large audiences and intense interest.

Sandoval, Ill. Evangelist F. L. Davis and Pastor Doan closed a four weeks' meeting last Sunday evening with 19 additions. The "grand church rally" all day Sunday was impressive and it will be an inspiration to future faithfulness and activity. Bro. Davis is a man of ability as a speaker and teaches the Bible logically and fearlessly. Bro. Davis is now in a meeting at Toledo, Ill.

L. G. Faulders, Arcola, Ill., reports seven additions, two by confession. Expecting C. R. Scoville in January. Bro. Faulders has been doing some good work. He recently closed a short meeting at Cadwell, preaching ten nights. Officers were appointed. Seven additions, five by confession. The church is now ready

for more active work and they are hoping to locate a preacher at Cadwell and Arthur.

CHICAGO

The Monroe street church had five baptisms since last report. Next Friday evening the second Faculty Concert of the Christian Conservatory will take place. The management is very much encouraged with the outlook.—The Metropolitan church reports 29 additions. Every department is growing and prospering. They are having splendid audiences and great good is being accomplished.—The Ashland avenue church has extended J. F. Finley a call to continue the work for the coming year. Bro. Finley preached the union Thanksgiving sermon at the Baptist church.—Chicago Heights is having a steady growth under the ministry of Harry Tucker. There have been seven additions since he took the work. Bro. Tucker was called to Murphysborough, his former pastorate, to conduct a funeral and was obliged to be away last Sunday, and the pulpit was filled by F. F. Grim of the Christian Century. Chicago Heights has a population of about ten thousand, several factories, seventy saloons and the usual number of churches. An excellent opportunity is presented for doing a strong and aggressive work. They have a band of faithful workers who deserve to succeed.—The North Side church. The service last Sunday morning was devoted to the interests of the C. W. B. M. Dr. Bruce Brown spoke in an interesting manner of this work. The Christian Endeavor Society begins the new year with Miss Emma Marrs as the new president. The Christian Rally of Cook County was well attended. Miss Mae Holmes of the North Side church was elected president.—The Englewood congregation listened to an interesting address by Mr. Ferguson of the Law and Order League. A resolution was passed asking the city council to prohibit the sale of liquors to minors under any conditions. Bro. Kindred was authorized to present this to the council. Four were received into the fellowship of the church. The Intermediate C. E. Society held their regular monthly meeting at Old Folks' Colored Home. Bro. Kindred spoke Sunday evening on the question, "Is There a Hereafter?"—Announcement has been received of the "Institute of St. John," which is to be given by J. S. Hughes. The plan is to combine an institute of correspondence with a summer Chautauqua to be held at Macatawa Park, Mich. Bro. Hughes has given long and earnest study to the New Testament scriptures and especially to the writings of the Apostle John. Some years ago he wrote a work on the Apocalypse, and now after seven years of study he has given us the result of his labors in his work on the Gospel of John.

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To Keep Nothing Brings Regret....

By PAUL POINT
"The Man Who Wrote BRAIN ORE"



To Keep Everything ... Brings Slavery

A minister of national reputation was leaving Chicago for an eastern appointment as I met him for a moment in a newspaper office.

Several times I have been fortunate in securing a useful sentence while bidding others farewell, and I took advantage of this opportunity, bringing up the subject of what to keep and how to keep it.

This big, strong, successful man confessed to me that he had never kept a copy of any sermon or lecture or talk which he had given, and to-day he regretted his carelessness.

I had to confess to him that I had kept so many things that they were a burden to me, but had I known what to discard and how to keep the remainder my collection would have been profitable and pleasurable.

As I go from man to man I find that this subject is a nightmare with many, and it is likely to cause either disappointment or perversion of time.

I remember a too studious man who had collected barrels of clippings, and when his house burned they were destroyed.

He seemed to mourn more over the loss of his clippings than anything else, but I doubt his ever using them if he had lived a thousand years and kept them.

Large masses of miscellaneous clippings in bundles are rarely untied.

A friend of mine, who died a year ago, had barrels of unsorted clippings, and whenever we brought up the subject he would say, "Some time I am going to get at them and make use of them"; but I felt, whenever he made that remark, that it was a delusion.

I have something which may be parallel with those barrels of printed articles.

For a number of years I have had a plan of bundling up various pieces of printed material and memoranda, clippings and mementos, which I did not wish to throw away, yet did not know how to classify.

At first I called the collection mental by-products, then I named it future faithful, and as it grew in quantity I called it brain-rest bundle.

I looked upon it as an anchor to wind-

ward, or reserve capital; I may never open them, the same as a man may never use securities or a tourist may never use an extra pair of eye-glasses, but I have the bundles, and the bundles have some good ideas in them and helpful prompters; while my classified material may contain more information than I can use, I have a feeling of satisfaction when I think of the reserve in these bundles.

Next to a good system for saving things comes discrimination in making selections.

A Chicago buyer told me that he threw away a letter which he believed he would never care to look at again, but he would have paid, a few days after, ten dollars for that letter, and the firm would have given a hundred dollars for it.

All of us must expect to make some mistakes, and it is claimed that those who are most careful make the greatest mistakes when they do make a mistake; but this may not be so, and it is possible to have our errors unimportant if we think in the right way.

Saving things in a judicious way requires quick and straight judgment.

Clipping is something like eating; we can not collect everything that is good any more than we can eat everything that is palatable, and when we get clipping dyspepsia we must clip less and with discretion.

A few days ago a secretary told me about his clothes basket full of unsorted thinkers' tools, and with typical confidence he said that some day he expected to sort things out and have them in useful shape.

If he ever does this it will surprise me, and if possible I will let you know about it.

For soul feeding I believe a pet scrap-book is quite essential, but for practical use in the study or library an up to date filing system is a necessity.

Get the best, start in a small way, become thoroughly acquainted with the plan, and then while it grows seek quality rather than quantity.

The average man is not able to have a large room and a secretary just for his clipping department.

Discrimination to begin with is worth more than three barrels of clippings to end with.

A twenty-four page brochure, containing many invaluable suggestions relating specifically to the indexing and classification of sermonic matter, newspaper clippings, memoranda, etc., has recently been issued by the Hope Publishing Company, 228 Wabash avenue, Chicago, and will be mailed free of charge to any reader of The Christian Century upon request.

Rev. C. B. Beckes recently wrote to the Homiletic Review of New York as follows:

No man needs system and method more than a minister. Every minister must have some system of sorting away his material so that he may find it at a moment's notice.

1. The filing cabinet must be attractive. It can have no place in your study or library if it is not. You desire it to be just as nice a piece of furniture as your desk or bookcase. Therefore a box will not do. A mere system of envelopes will not do. Nor can you ever make a thing of beauty out of a large letter-file arrangement. The first point is settled, it must be a thing of beauty.

2. It must be convenient: (a) So that you need not spend a second in putting material away, so that you will have little or no writing, indexing, etc.; (b) so that you can find what is wanted and get it in a second, without hunting over all you have and then giving up in despair.

3. It must be capable of expansion, not at the other end of the cabinet, but in the next envelope or file, without disarranging or changing any material.

4. It must be of large capacity. It is a thing one will get used to, and of course will never want to change.

5. It must have a cross reference plan.

"The Cyclopedic File," manufactured by the Hope Publishing Company, 228 Wabash avenue, Chicago, covers all these points and many others most admirably.

The Christian Century heartily recommends them.

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Columbus, Ohio.—Walter Scott Priest reports 13 additions (four confessions) at the Central since taking the work last September. The offering for Ohio missions was \$60.00. Bible school, boys and girl's rally day \$30.00. The largest ever contributed for those purposes. Bro. Priest will begin a meeting the first Lord's day in January with Mrs. Princess Long of Lexington, Ky., to assist in singing.

Dedication at East St. Louis.—The church at East St. Louis, Ill., has thoroughly renovated, enlarged, repaired and beautified their house of worship. On Lord's day, Nov. 29, the writer preached the opening sermon and dedicated the house. There was a debt of \$2,250 to provide for. At the morning and night service we raised in cash and nine months' pledges \$2,560. Dr. F. D. Fillmore is pastor of the church. He is an able preacher, a painstaking pastor and an all-around good, safe man. His work is being greatly blessed of God.—L. L. Carpenter, Wabash, Ind.

Mr. H. L. Willett at Liberty, Mo. During the week of December 13 to 18 Mr. H. L. Willett will be with us here in a course of lectures. The general topic will be "Book Studies in the Bible." Following is the program: Sunday, Dec. 13, "Genesis, the Book of Beginnings." Monday, Dec. 14, "Isaiah, the Message of Prophecy." Tuesday, Dec. 15, "Psalms, the National Hymnology." Wednesday, Dec. 16, "The Synoptic Gospels." Thursday, Dec. 17, "The Book of Acts." Friday, Dec. 18, "The Epistles of Paul; Philippians." We anticipate a rich week, and want others to enjoy it with us. The church will entertain those who will come, if names are sent at once to me. Robert Graham Frank.

Second Church, Bloomington, Ill., First Year's Work.—The annual roll call Sunday, Nov. 29, was an occasion of great joy to the membership and friends. The decorations of chrysanthemums, cut-flowers, fruits and grains were beautiful. The music was fine and appropriate. The exercises were of peculiar interest. After the communion service there was a short memorial service, in which the names of the seven who had died during the year were read by the pastor. After a few appropriate remarks and a prayer, the audience joined in singing "Gathering Home." The pastor, J. H. Gilliland, then read the annual report for the year, which was followed by the roll call. Two hundred and seventy-five members answered in person and fifteen who were absent sent scriptures to be read in response to the calling of their names. Many friends were present and both auditorium and Sunday school room were filled.—The Junior Endeavor Society, the Senior Endeavor Society, the Bible school, the Gleaners, a society of young ladies, the C. W. B. M. and the Woman's Aid Society all showed excellent work, rapid growth and money in the treasury. The report of the church clerk showed: Charter members enrolled, 288; additions, 176; 73 of these by baptism. Total enrollment to date, 464. Present resident enrollment, 391.—Summary of receipts: Endeavor society, \$405.50; Bible school, \$217.06; Gleaners, \$291.94; C. W. B. M., \$167.75; Woman's Aid Society, \$1,292.25; special missions, \$100; current

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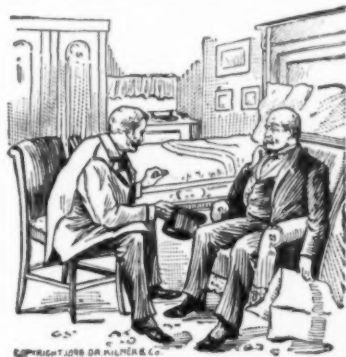
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expenses, \$3,184.15; counted twice, \$768.24; total net collections, \$4,890.41; total expenses, \$4,556.82; cash balance in treasuries, \$333.59.—Total net collections as shown above, \$4,890.41; total collections from the building fund since Nov. 22, 1902, \$5,514.32; grand total collected by the church for all purposes during the year, \$10,404.73. The total cost of the building, including all furnishings, was \$27,427.24.—At the close of the services the audience sang with a will "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder," and with streaming eyes and happy hearts the first year's work closed.—Geo. W. Nance.

Honor is too big a price to pay for any honor.

New England Letter.

To-day wife and I ate our Thanksgiving dinner in a boarding house far away from kindred and dear friends. We have tried to fight off the feeling of loneliness that has attacked us with particular fury to-day, but I fear the fight has not been very successful. The preacher and the preacher's wife who go out to publish the gospel in the places of destitution must bear, among other things, a heavy burden of isolation and separation from the dear fellowship of loved ones.

With two of the brethren, I attended service at one of the oldest and largest Congregational churches. The service of song and prayer and Bible reading was

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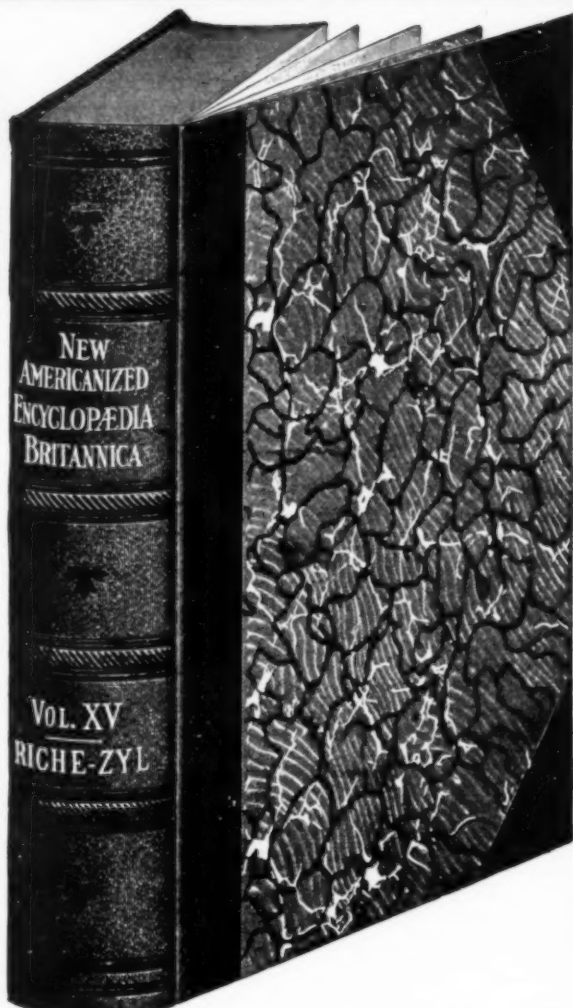
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edifying. The sermon was more of an editorial than otherwise; rhetorically well enough, but touching not once upon any great theme of religious or patriotic thought as seems fitting on occasions of this kind. It caused me to question whether the pulpit has not, after all, in a degree, ceased to feel that consciousness of the prophetic "message," which from the olden days has clothed it with power as a factor in the affairs of men. This has been charged, but I have been loath to believe it. I hope our own ministry will never cease to feel that when they stand before the people, it is that they may speak in power concerning those great themes that are worthy the time and the effort.

There is evidently to be much activity among the Disciples of Christ in New England this winter. The Highland Street church, Worcester, will be busy as beavers getting their lot cleared so as to build as soon as the frost leaves the ground in the spring. Their pastor, R. A. Nichols, has been assisting a Baptist pastor in Boston in special revival services. Everett has had a fine meeting and having closed there I am now



at Springfield, where we began a three weeks' meeting last Sunday. Swampscott will come next. After the holidays

we are planning to enter one of the large cities where we now have no church. Danbury, we hear, is to have a meeting

1904 The Christian Century 1904

In the very nature of things a wide-awake newspaper, which deals with the topics of the moment, cannot issue a complete programme of what will appear in its columns during the year. But the Christian Century has already planned and is planning to be more useful during 1904 than ever before.

AMONG THE GOOD THINGS FOR WHICH WE HAVE ARRANGED ARE:

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SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS

soon. J. M. Van Horn, pastor at the First church in Worcester, is engaged with his own people in a meeting. West Pawlet, where I preached a week in September, is preparing for another effort soon. No doubt Minnick and Pearn, the yoke-folks down in Maine, will also be lifting aloft the "lights along the shore" of Passamaquoddy; so we are hoping and praying for splendid work and cheering news.

J. H. HARDIN.

5 Fountain Hill, Boston.

Where vulgarity passes for wit virtue passes for folly.

Indiana Notes.

The November offering shows a splendid growth, so far as the reports are in. Angola leads with \$11.80 cash, and \$70 assumed for state board at Strole—\$181.80. Newcastle comes next with \$110 cash. This is all the more remarkable, since it is the first offering to state work from that church, and it shows the trend of sentiment toward state missions, when the church is given an opportunity. That church has been given a freehand this year, and shows a sentiment for all missions right at \$700. E. R. Black is pastor. Others of our leading churches are still working.

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Lebanon comes with the first report from rally day, \$70. If every other school does as well Indiana will have the greatest revival season this winter in her history. The representative preachers, churches and schools are working all right. Our state board is anxious to secure volunteer churches, who will pay the salary and loan their preachers for a meeting or two. In this way we ought to be able to hold 500 meetings this winter. We ought to answer the 300 calls now before us, and then enter a large number of unoccupied

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

I have been selling "Non-Alcoholic-Flavoring-Powders" for the past six months and have made \$15.00. Every family buys three or four boxes. The flavoring powders are better in every respect than the liquid extracts, and are lovely to sell. I do not have to canvass. People send to me for the powders. Any intelligent person can do as well as I and average \$3.00 per week. I get my flavoring powders from the California Fruit & Chemical Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write them and they will start you in business. E. C.

fields of our own seeking. Churches will be given credit for salaries of preachers while engaged in these meetings, for so much contributed to state work. Some of our best preachers have lately resigned. I will be glad to put some Indiana preachers and churches in communication, but speak quick, brethren, as this class of preachers is always in demand.—I can also give Indiana churches desiring meetings the names of some of our best pastor-evangelists for meetings. I cannot undertake the correspondence for all this for want of time, and the burdens of my work preclude it, but I can put you in touch and you can press the button and do the rest.

T. J. LEGG.

Great Victories in Michigan.

On Dec. 2, in Battle Creek, Mich., I extended the hand of greeting to Henry A. Buzzell and a congregation of 75 or 80 members, welcoming them to this fellowship to which they have come through great tribulation. They have an institutional church property costing \$16,000, besides the lot. It is the only institutional church in the state of Michigan.

Bro. Buzzell had a good record as a Baptist preacher until in the fourth year of his pastorate at the First church in Battle Creek, finding himself out of sympathy with his church, he took about 150 members, moved to Post's addition and established an independent Baptist church. He preached a sermon on the New Testament church over a year ago and about 40 members called for their letters and returned to the First church. All who remain are as one man in their support of their pastor and his teaching.

J. H. O. Smith a few months ago had a conversation with Bro. Buzzell in which he showed him how nearly we are together and taught him more perfectly. The matter was referred to the state board and D. Munro and W. B. Taylor were appointed a committee on Battle Creek. Brother Buzzell attended the Detroit convention. We had a long meeting

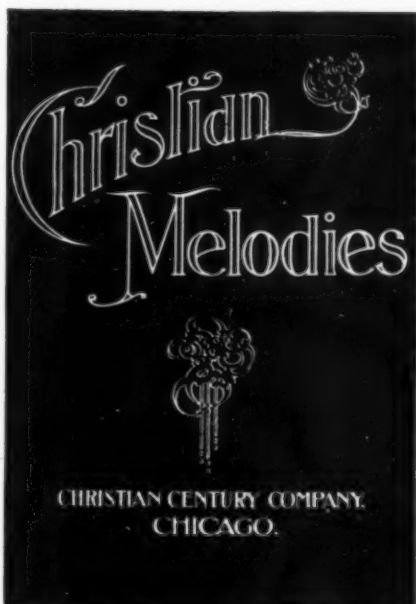
with their trustees and arranged a plan of union which was submitted to the church on Thanksgiving evening and carried by a unanimous vote. I visited them Dec. 2 and spoke on "Our Plea," and we had a love feast. H. H. Halley, state president, was present and pronounced his blessing on the union. We have about 60 disciples who have moved into Battle Creek who are not identified.

The church is well located and well arranged for institutional work. They have a beautiful auditorium and the most beautiful tapestry I have ever seen. The Sunday school room, which is now complete, and the parlors open into the auditorium seating over 800 people. They have a reading room, into which Mr. Post puts the best magazines of England and America every month; a room for innocent games; a fine dining room and kitchen; a well equipped gymnasium and natatorium, with shower and tub baths. The

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institution stands well in the community. I have never known of anything to parallel this in the history of our movement. This is my kind of church federation. We are having a love feast with nothing to cover up or apologize for.

Last year we perfected a federation that brought a Congregational church, pastor, Brother McHenry, and their property at Lacota. This year it is the Free Baptist property at Lansing, Battle Creek, as described, and, if I am not a false prophet, we will affiliate, in like manner, with another denominational church before the swallows come again.

W. H. Kindred, the evangelist, supported by the Ionia church, is doing a noble work at Belding. They have their new church enclosed. When completed they can seat over 600 people. It will be the best church in the "Silk City." They have a fine lot and parsonage, the gift of Sister Clara Demorest. They have a congregation of about 100 members, the largest Endeavor society and Sunday school in the city and all since July 12, 1903, when we began the Opera House meetings.

At the Seventh District Convention I gave the hand of fellowship to Bro. Charles W. Clark, one of the founders of the "Christian National Evangelistic Association." He is a gifted orator, a finely educated man and is doing a noble work at Grace and in the northern part of the state. We have waited until now to see how he bears himself with the old message. He is worthy of our esteem and confidence. This is Christian Union on the apostolic program. Prof. G. P. Coler dedicated the St. Johns tabernacle Sunday, Nov. 29. The outlook is encouraging. They have the best lot in the city and consecrated people of means who are under the burden. You may keep an eye on St. Johns.—L. O. Drew, one of our state evangelists, had 95 additions in the Pine River meeting. All departments of church work organized and a church house reclaimed from the owls and bats. A good young man has been located with them. F. T. Porter has done some of the noblest work in the state, though not counting so many in number of additions.—W. B. Taylor, Ionia, Mich.

JAPANESE JARI.

To the Editor.

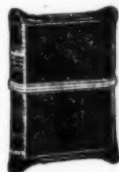
Dear Brother: Leaving Topeka, Kan., Sept. 5, we arrived in Japan, Oct. 17. While on the journey to San Francisco we enjoyed the fellowship of the churches in Newton, Partridge and Hutchinson, Kan. Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, La Junta and Vineland, Colo., Los Angeles, Los Gatos, Palo Alto, Sacramento, Red Bluff, Petaluma, Berkeley and Oakland, Cal. The message concerning Japan was gladly received.

On the good ship China were six of our own missionaries and our three ladies. Dr. Rijnhart and Dr. and Mrs. Shelton were going to the Tibetan frontier and Miss Armbraster to Osaka, Japan. We need six missionaries this year in Japan and are getting only one.

Since I have been back I have made a short trip in the country and have preached from two to four times a week. Although rumors of war excite the people, Christian work is in splendid condition. May no war come to retard our progress.

I had been in the house in Sendai but a short time until the editor of one of the daily papers called and asked a few

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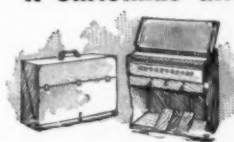
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questions as to our trip, etc., for his paper. The next day a reporter from another daily called and asked for an interview. The next day his paper contained over a column about religious conditions in America and of our plans of work for Japan. Both papers asked me to write for them and I expect to do so.

It was a great joy to find our Bible College in possession of a splendid plot of ground in one of the suburbs of Tokyo, where trains run about every 15 minutes. The buildings are going up and classes are held in one of our church buildings. Dr. Guy and Profs. Ishikawa and Miyazaki are the right men in the right place. This school needs books, maps and charts. Brethren, send along a book to Dr. H. H. Guy, Tokyo, Japan. A scholarship in this school only costs \$50 per year. Who wants to help train a young Timothy in this school?

Bro. R. L. Pruett, Osaka, Japan, is now editor of our mission magazine, "The Bible Way." Our annual report will soon be out and will show a good year's work. If you want to get many good things about Japan, subscribe for the Tokyo Christian. Mr. Kataoka, president of the House of Representatives, and president of Doshisha University, died a few days ago. He was a good Christian man and will be missed in Christian circles as well as in political life.

Last Sunday night I preached in the Sendai church on the "Resurrection" and a young man from the Government college announced his desire to become a Christian and asked to be baptized next Sunday.—Mr. Crane, from the Christian church of Berkeley, Cal., is now located in Sendai as a teacher of English in the government schools.—The wife of John the Baptist Kawamura died in October and her funeral was the first Christian funeral in Akoza. By her death she glorified God.

May the Lord of the Harvest speedily send out many more laborers to Japan! Yours for the speedy evangelization of Japan.

M. B. MADDEN.

Sendai, Japan, Nov. 9, 1903.

Is Not This the Way to Do It?

Regularly in contributing to the financial support of the church is a custom that needs cultivation. The pastor knows a man who has not failed, in forty years, to make a contribution. If he is necessarily absent, as he is sometimes, he prepares his envelope and sees to it that it finds its way to the treasurer. He was once absent eight months, but the treasurer's book shows that during this time his offering was made every Lord's day. The pastor recently met a lady who became a Christian in 1850. From that time to this her contribution has been regularly made, with the exception of seven months, and she is now puzzling her brain as to how to make up the amount she feels she ought to have contributed during these months. She says these seven months' dues will be paid. The pastor knows a man who contributes regularly whether present or absent; but when he is absent he divides equally his contribution between the home church and the church or churches that he attends during his absence. The pastor lately received a letter from which the following is quoted: "Recently a * * * gentleman and his wife came forward to unite with the church. The hand of fellowship was extended in the name of the church.

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Immediately after this he asked: 'Who is your financial secretary?' That important gentleman was pointed out to him. 'Please tell him for me,' he continued, 'that I want to give \$50 a year to current expenses, beginning to-day.'

Such an expression ought not to be unusual. The church must be sustained. To do so requires money. This must be provided by the members. Why should not every person make a pledge when they become members? The question—who is the financial secretary? or treasurer?—ought to be a frequent inquiry.—B. B. Tyler, South Broadway Church Messenger.

Edgar D. Jones, the enterprising pastor of the Franklin Circle church, Cleveland, O., is doing some very effective advertising with blotters upon which is a picture of the church and an invitation especially to traveling men. Each week messengers are selected from the Sunday school of the church who visit the hotels and leave behind them a supply of the red and black lettered blotters to be seen by the drummers who use the writing rooms on Saturday nights.

The Travel Culture Club has now been before our readers for two years. The first party is the Travel Study Class, which sails on January 30 under the leadership of Prof. Herbert L. Willett.

We are now planning to increase the membership of the club. We want all readers of the Christian Century and their friends who are interested in travel to become members. All that you need to do is to write us and ask that your name be put on the rolls. You will then be kept informed of tours abroad and in this country and when ready and able to travel will be in a position to make intelligent plans.

Messrs. H. W. Dunning & Co., 14 Beacon street, Boston, Mass., have been entrusted with the business management of Dr. Willett's party. They are now planning a special party for the Travel Culture Club next summer. It will have a leader who will represent the club and the Christian Century. The route will embrace England, Holland, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, Northern Italy, Paris and London. The cost will be as low as is possible for a satisfactory trip. The party will sail early in July.

We hope all readers of this paper and their friends who are interested in travel and especially those who are thinking of travel next year will join the club at once.

A Woman Tax.

The suggestion that American heiresses be taxed, when they are dumped on to English shores, is not original with Mr. Labouchere, the brilliant and cynical London journalist and parliamentarian. But his words will find an echo in many places, for Americans generally are getting tired of this vulgar ostentation and bartering business.

"I am surprised," says "Truth," "that home producers of girls have not already approached Chamberlain and begged him to include in his scheme some arrangement to exclude from our shores the dumping of American girls.

"The latter compete with the home markets under most unfair conditions. Their parents by means of trusts and such like pernicious associations are able to give their daughters vast sums of money, and in this way they are able

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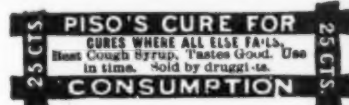
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